



# THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1829

MAY 25, 1907

PRICE THREEPENCE

## Education

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**A**N Examination for Entrance Scholarships, open to Boys under 15 (on June 1), will be held on June 5, 6, 7. Further information can be obtained from the Rev. the Headmaster, School House, Sherborne, Dorset.

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## THE LITERARY WEEK

It is announced that the Pope has issued a decree entrusting to the Benedictine Order the revision of the text of the Vulgate. This is the result of the Biblical Commission, which was appointed towards the end of the late Pontificate. The importance of this revision can scarcely be over-estimated; its publication will mark the present century. It would be superfluous to enlarge upon the influence of the Bible on European thought up to the present time, but the Bible is also the vehicle through which the ideas of other Asiatic religious systems have been made not altogether unfamiliar to us. The Vulgate is by far the most important version of the Bible in existence. For fifteen hundred years it has been to all Latin peoples, and to the strongly Latinised races such as ourselves and the Germans, what the Authorised Version has been in the restricted field of the Anglo-Saxons for the brief period of three centuries. Irrespective of its authoritative theological value to half Christendom, its influence over all European art and literature has been so great that neither can be justly appreciated without some study of it. Its general accuracy in representing the sense of the original scriptures according to the estimate of modern scholarship is shown by the continually nearer approach to it of versions made since its date. When we reflect that the Authorised Version is the result of the labours of many writers, and is based on many other earlier versions such as those of Wycliffe, Tyndall and the Bishops, while the Vulgate is mainly the work of one man, we are inclined to attribute to St. Jerom, perhaps alone among Translators, a portion of that *afflatus* which we recognise in poets.

The term Vulgate has been used to designate three different versions of the Scriptures. It was applied first to the version of the Septuagint most generally used by the Greek fathers, later to the old Latin version of the whole Bible (the Itala) current in the West during the first centuries, and finally to the version of St. Jerom. In 382 St. Jerom was commissioned by Pope Damasus to revise the Itala version of the New Testament, by comparing it with the best Greek codices. St. Jerom next corrected the Itala version of the Psalms by comparing it with the Septuagint Vulgate. This psalter is still used at St. Peter's and in the Ambrosian rite at Milan. Later he made the further revision called the Gallican Psalter, now incorporated in the Vulgate. The remainder of his first revision, with the exception of the Book of Job, has perished. After the death of Damasus, St. Jerom undertook, at the

instance of his own friends, to retranslate the Old Testament from the Hebrew. As is well known, he retired into Palestine in order to accomplish the work. He was assisted by learned Jews. He accomplished his task about the year 405. He added latter a free translation of the books of Tobit and Judith from the Chaldee version, and the Itala version of the books of Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus and Maccabees without alteration. His works together form the Vulgate in the third and present meaning of that term. The text having become corrupted in the process of copying, Charlemagne employed Alcuin to procure and distribute accurate copies. Later *correctoria* or corrected lists of common errors were continually compiled by the University of Paris and certain of the Religious Orders. The Council of Trent (1545-1563) declared that the Vulgate was the *authentic* version of the Catholic Church, and ordered it to be printed as correctly as possible. The first result was the edition of Sixtus V. in 1590. This was quickly recalled, and that of Clement VII. issued in its place in 1592, and again in 1593, and finally in 1598. The Clementine edition of 1598 is the Vulgate of the present day.

Our dramatic critic will deal next week with the revival of *A Woman of No Importance* at the Haymarket on Wednesday last. In the meanwhile we are bound to record that with the exception of the *Times* and *Standard* nearly all the morning papers gave a false account of the evening. Whatever the opinions may be about the play or the author, the fact remains that the audience was enthusiastic. We have heard of dramatic critics of daily papers who leave after the first act and hurry off to Fleet Street. On Wednesday one of them spent the whole time in the bar of the theatre writing his notice after the first Act; he did not return to the auditorium, but left the theatre in the middle of the fourth Act.

There were many people who remembered the first night of the play at the Haymarket on April 19, 1903, and perhaps a few of them regretted that the author was not alive and present to witness the brilliant performance of Miss Viola Tree as Hester Worsley. It is a most difficult part. Miss Tree realised to a supreme degree the beauty of the lines she had to say, and Miss Marion Terry was, of course, born for the "purple patches" of Wilde's dramas. Every one knew Miss Terry would be perfect. We did not know that Miss Viola Tree was the ideal impersonation of Hester.

We have on former occasions made observations on the competence of the dramatic critics. But even the incompetent are entitled to their opinion, based though it may be on a deficient education. When, however, the theatre critic, always an adept at *suppressio veri*, falls back on *suggestio falsi*, the actor-manager, if no one else, ought to interfere. Any one present at His Majesty's Theatre on Wednesday night must have rubbed his eyes if he happened to see the *Daily Mail* on the following morning. The account of the evening given by "K. H." is a deliberate misrepresentation of facts: it is about as truthful as the *Daily Mail's* account of, say, the Colonial Conference. The curtain was raised four times after the last Act, and twice after each preceding Act. Mr. Tree was called upon for a speech and each of the actors was individually, repeatedly called before the footlights. The recently formed "Society of Dramatic Critics" should inquire into the conduct of "K. H.:" if by chance he is a member of that body. That a fifth-rate playwright and the author of vulgar suburban stories should be a critic at all is only another of the amazing features of Lord Northcliffe's amazing organ.

The death of Mr. Hodge, the head partner in the firm of Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge, the well-known book auctioneers, will be deeply regretted by bibliophiles all the world over. Mr. Hodge had made himself universally liked by his suave manner, keen business intelligence and real erudition. Some fifteen years ago he succeeded as head partner of the firm to the late Mr. John Wilkinson, who himself was the successor in that capacity to the last of the Sothebys. Both were self-made and self-taught men, yet both became acknowledged authorities on book-lore, and it is in their famous rooms that for many decades past the greatest libraries in the world have been sold, and the most sensational records established for rare books. The influence of this firm upon the book-market has been vast. The late Mr. Quaritch was originally a humble employee of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge, and it was largely due to their foresight, encouragement, and pecuniary assistance that he was able to establish himself as the first retail dealer in old books in England, and perhaps in the world. The late Mr. Sotheby was personally connected with literature as the author of a curious epic poem on Adam and Eve, copies of which are now rather rare. One of the late Mr. Hodge's sons, Mr. Harold Hodge, is editor of our esteemed contemporary, the *Saturday Review*.

The *Tribune*, whose literary page is one of the best-conducted among the daily papers, has blundered badly. A recent issue contains a poem entitled "A Flattering Illusion":

I thank you for the flowers you sent, she said,  
And then she pouted, blushed, and drooped her head.  
Forgive me for the words I spoke last night;  
The flowers have sweetly proved that you are right.

Then I forgave her, took her hand in mine,  
Sealed her forgiveness with the old, old sign;  
And as we wandered through the dim-lit bowers,  
I wondered who had really sent the flowers;

which is quoted from and attributed to the *New York Tribune*. The author is Geoffrey Clark, and the poem, which appeared originally in *Kottabos*, the old T.C.D. magazine, was reprinted in "Echoes from Kottabos" and quoted in our review of the book in the *ACADEMY* of February 2. America borrowed it, and the *Tribune* borrows from America!

We regret to record the death of Sir Benjamin Baker, at the age of sixty-six; it occurred suddenly at Pangbourne on May 19. The name of the great engineer is known throughout the world, if only in connection with the Assuan Dam. It is remarkable that his death should synchronise so nearly with the termination of Lord Cromer's connection with Egypt, with whose administration his great work was associated. The moralist might draw an analogy between their labours and speculate as to which is most likely to remain longest intact. While recognising the great service rendered by Sir William Willcocks, it is fair to say that Sir Benjamin Baker undertook the responsibility of the dam in the first place, and the reinforcements and additions to it have been finally decided upon by his advice as consulting engineer. These will enable the storage of water to be practically doubled. In this country Sir Benjamin's fame is scarcely less on account of his other great work, the Forth Bridge. Though he acknowledged, with his accustomed generosity, the assistance which he had received both in the design and in the construction from his partner, the late Sir John Fowler, the inception of the bridge in its present form was due to him. Recently it will be remembered that he undertook the considerable risk of personally inspecting the structure of the roof of Charing Cross Station after its disastrous subsidence. His services were always avail-

able, not only to plan and execute great national enterprises, but to take preventive measures against catastrophes dangerous to human life. His loss will be widely felt, not only on account of his great professional abilities, but on account of his kindness and geniality to a large circle of personal friends.

Among the crowd of pageants which are announced to take place this year, none should attract more visitors by the deservings of its object than that to be held at Romsey. This ancient little town is trying to raise money to finish the restoration of its beautiful Abbey Church. Whatever interest the historical associations connected with it may have, and they are considerable, the beauty of the Norman building itself is a sufficient claim on the generous. There is scarcely a Norman building in England so little spoilt by later additions, and so little vandalised by the recent restorations. These should have an additional interest for many people because they were effected by the energy and taste of the late incumbent of the Church, the Rev. W. Berthon, the inventor of the collapsible boats which bear his name. There is moreover on the west wall of the south transept the most majestic crucifix in this country, life-sized and in good preservation. It is enormously to the credit of the little out-of-the-way town of Romsey that it has succeeded in guarding so well these splendid monuments, and it will be a great pity if it is not enabled to continue its good work. It is only to be hoped that it will follow on the restrained lines of restoration initiated by the good taste of Mr. Berthon.

A correspondent writes: Can any of your readers match for false quantities the hexameter and pentameter that follow?

Femina perdigna quidem longiore vita  
Si non ad feliciorum festinasset.

I found them on a monument in the church at Rous Lench, Gloucestershire; the manner in which they were printed made it clear that they were intended to be verses; but it took me a good ten minutes to discover the structure. For the help of others I may state that the caesura of the first line falls after the last syllable of *perdigna*, and that the second syllable of *feliciorum* ends the first half of the pentameter. The lines surely excel any mediæval lines ever seen, even those of Commodianus quoted in the notes to chapter ix. of Hallam's "View of the State of Europe":

Praefatio nostra viam erranti demonstrat,  
Respectumque bonum, cum venerit saeculi meta,  
Aeternum fieri, quod discredunt inscia corda. . . .

We believe that M. Escoffier, the *chef* of the Carlton Hotel, is not only a practical authority of the first order upon cooking, but also possesses a valuable collection of culinary works of all ages and countries. He is a bibliophile, as well as a *maitre de bouche*, and none of the secrets of the great gourmets, from Rabelais to Brillat Savarin, is sealed to him. But when he asks for legislation to protect the inventor of new *plats* is he not displaying a somewhat unpractical spirit? After all, the proof of the pudding is in the eating. The success of the cook lies quite as much in his technical skill as in his inventive genius. M. Escoffier knows as well as we do that a *poularde à l'étouffé* prepared by a tyro hand, even with the best receipt in the world to guide it, is more than likely to be a failure. How can you patent the *tour de main*, the experience, the soulfulness, which make up the great artist? Who can combat—alas! not even M. Escoffier himself—that dread doom and darkest curse of English restaurant cooking which is "cooking butter"?



## A PORTRAIT

CRINKLED face of the white rose,  
Old lady!  
Perfume of the white rose,  
Eyes of gold,  
Old lady,  
Wrinkled as a rose.

## THE RAIN

ALL day long with pitiless patter  
Falls the Rain,  
Its chatter  
Benumbs the brain,  
The Rain,  
As white as pain.

## YOUTH TO THE SEA

WHY do toss your yellow hair, O Sea  
And weep?  
Do you weep for me?  
And groan in your sleep?  
Are you moaning for me?  
And sigh so deep?  
Ah me!

R. S.

## PALMISTRY

I SAW in dreams a room within a chamber  
Whereon the moon had cast a curious ray,  
And one that slept whose hair was like fine amber  
With head down drooped like flower at close of day.  
And as he slept I scarcely heard his sighing,  
And in the moon the motes moved with his breath,  
Scarcely at all, like weary white moths flying  
On soft vague wings towards desired death.  
One tired hand lay on the coverlet,  
Whereon, as from a mountain seen, were lines  
(Like to the little streams in meadows set)  
Which God has made for everlasting signs  
Of the eternal roads of Life and Death,  
Of Joy and Woe and Danger and Desire,  
Of Love that goeth out or tarrieth,  
Of Hate and Hope, and Sin that burns like fire.  
And lo! from out the hemispheres of night,  
With veiled face, on swift and soundless feet,  
That came which is the Mysteries' acolyte  
And sits beside the undesired seat  
Of Fatal things, which marked his hand and went

As it had come an undiscernèd road.  
Then on his palm my eager eyes intent  
Espied a cross, O lamentable load!  
Laid on his hand that slept. The sleeper stirred  
And softly moaned; and, prisoned in a mesh,  
Methought I saw his soul, a frightened bird,  
Behind the eternal barriers of flesh.  
At length his body quickened with slow sighs  
And broke the bondage of his sleeping-place.  
He turned his head, and opened wide his eyes,  
And looked at me,—and lo! 'twas mine own face.

A. D.

## LITERATURE

## FOG AND BEAUTY

*The Colour of London.* By W. J. LOFTIE. Illustrated by YOSHIO MARKINO. (Chatto & Windus, 20s. net.)

A HAPPY title adds a fresh grace to a good book, and the title of this book is particularly happy both for what it declares and what it suggests. It declares itself to set forth in some sixty plates, in colour and sepia, the impressions which London produced upon the vision of a Japanese artist. The result is undoubtedly most interesting. It is specially interesting because it contains nothing of politics. These plates record, as faithfully as "process" reproduction will permit, the colour and forms suggested by this seething cauldron of humanity called London, its streets, buildings and atmospheres, to the mind of an artist so free from the prejudices of nationality that the workings of his artistic sense are undisturbed by considerations alien to art. It is startling to be told by Mr. Yoshio Markino in the ingenuous little essay which he prefixes to the book, that "age and the fogs have made the buildings so beautiful." Coming from Japan, where the "atmosphere is so clear that you can see every small detail in the distance," he is enchanted by the mists of London, that visible atmosphere which so attracts him that he "does not feel he could live in any other place but London." When the medium of this strange and ever-changing beauty is called fog, mist, or damp, it becomes a mere meteorological fact, suggesting colds and discomfort. Yet to the properly attuned eye of the artist it provides London with its great distinctive charm, for the sake of which he would be content to live there for ever.

Do these pictures then, as reproduced here, realise to some extent this misty phantasmagoric London? They do, and doubtless the originals do so more clearly and in a higher degree. The *Spring Mist, Westminster Bridge*, seems to us extraordinarily successful for a "colour process" plate. So also the *Winter light effect, Grosvenor Road Station Bridge*, and more so than either the *Evening Scene on Vauxhall Bridge*. But what makes these pictures a pure delight is the never failing felicity with which the artist depicts the English girl in her fashions of last year, or was it the year before that? There is this girl on Vauxhall Bridge, the girl under the lamp-post in the *Victoria Tower* plate, the two girls at the corner of *Winsley Street*, and the girl in *Constitution Hill*. Not one of these resembles another. They are not the result of a typifying process which leads to the dreary abominations of the "Gibson girl," or any other popular draughtsman's "girl." Each is a distinct and separate impression. To contrast with them all take the hospital-nurse in the *Westminster Bridge* with its so much conveyed in so little. Let Mr. Yoshio Markino say what he will about the mists

of London, it seems to us that his artistic mind is stirred most by the English girl, the poise of her head, the curves and flickings of her dress, and the grace of her movements. The nurse-girl in the pretty picture of *Early Autumn at Grosvenor Gate* is delightful. Is it due to imagination or is it by deliberate intention that she seems to be enviously regarding the dashing, richly clothed lady passing in front of the lodge?

It is hard to believe, as Mr. Spielmann says in his introduction, that the same hand executed all of these very various pictures. The artist tells us that he is self-taught save for a two years of study in a life-class. Whatever Mr. Yoshio Markino may yet achieve it is to be hoped he will not settle down into a monotonous "style" but may as he improves, preserve that variety, freshness and delicacy of observation which make this series of pictures of London and its people one of the most enjoyable and suggestive we have ever come across. No one, we imagine, will be able to go through this book without feeling a strong desire to see the original drawings.

As for the letterpress by Mr. W. J. Loftie, its chief defect is that it has nothing to do with the pictures. From the antiquarian and topographical points of view it seems to us of very high interest, marked by strong common sense and enmity to popular fables. In another place, and duly amplified it suggests Mr. Loftie as the author of the still wanting history of London on broad lines. But the London which the illustrations suggest, distinguished from what they declare themselves to be, that London every man must write for himself. How the mind of the dweller in London, the man who "came to London," who has grown a Londoner, teems with recaptured visions, hopes, and depressions as he views these pictures! The great glare of Piccadilly means one thing if there was money in the pocket, another thing altogether if there was little or none. The Alhambra picture with its flood of ineffectual light cast on the great murk of the square, what thoughts it recalls! There never was elsewhere in the world such another place as Leicester Square. Would you taste of "life," practically or contemplatively? You had but to walk the northern pavement amid the foreign women and the men from Manchester and elsewhere "doing" London, past the Empire Theatre and the bars and cafés on the western side, and there was "life" for the money's worth in all its grades. Did you want dusk and solitude? You had but to confine your footsteps to the southern and half of the western side where was scarcely a passer-by to jostle your body or disturb your thoughts. Was it fame you sought? London had many colours then, and they leap at you like remembered lines of great poems out of the pictures of this book. Was it wealth you pursued? She had other colours with which although no poetry is entwined, the primal hopes and fears of the human mind are inextricably blended. The visible colour of London may be as beautiful as our artist finds it to be, but that other colour which is in the mind of the man who has lived, loved, struggled, won or lost in London, that is a great poem which no one man is yet great enough to write.

#### "PLATO THE WISE"

*The Republic of Plato.* Translated into English with an Introduction by A. D. LINDSAY. (Dent, 2s.)

THE *Republic* of Plato may almost be said to stand by itself without anything exactly like it in all literature. It purports to be a conversation held in the house of an old gentleman named Cephalus in the Piræus of Athens in the year B.C. 410. But Cephalus retires to perform a sacrifice, and the dialogue (which subsequently becomes almost a monologue) is carried on between Socrates, Glaucon, Adimantus, and others, with an admirably written scene in which Thrasymachus, a truculent sophist, tries to browbeat Socrates into accepting his answer to the

question, "What is Justice?", an inquiry which arises in quite haphazard fashion from a conversation on the trials and consolations of old age, and which ultimately expands into the ten books of supreme wisdom and wit known as Plato's *Republic*. Plato early announces his determination to let the discussion flow "wherever the wind of argument may take it," and so, intermingled with the profound exposition of idealism, which from Berkeley to Hegel has held the floor in modern thought, we have exquisite little side-lights on Athenian life, on questions which are still on the carpet and types which are still treated in fiction on the stage and in *Punch*. We can merely refer to passages where these topics are touched with the hand of a master dramatist: the social qualities of the *nouveau riche* (330 and 549 A), the prosing old lady (350 E), the ailments of those who will not take Dr. Abernethy's advice to live on sixpence a day and earn it (405 D), the ridicule to which the higher education of women has always been exposed (452 E), the love that can see no fault in the object of its passion (474 D, E), the little bald tinker *endimanché* (495 E), mischief-making wives and servants (549 A), education "on a sound practical and commercial basis" (559 D).

The question, "What is justice?" leads naturally up to the Ideal State and the progress of the mind to the Form of the Good, which is traced in the famous allegory of the Cave in the beginning of Book vii. (514-518). We are shown that the king (who typifies the "royal" and orderly desires) lives exactly seven hundred and twenty-nine times as pleasantly as the tyrant (who stands for the lustful and tyrannical desires) (587 E). The word meaning "seven hundred and twenty-nine times" has twenty-one syllables, and is, we suppose the longest word in Liddell and Scott, save the celebrated *λεπιδό-τεμαχο-κ.τ.λ.* (Aristophanes, *Ecclesiaz* 1169). We are now in a position to criticise the doctrine of Thrasymachus, that it is a man's interest to be absolutely unjust, provided he can escape the penalties of his crimes by assuming the mask of justice. Finally the happiness of the just man is consummated by the consideration of the life after death, and depicted in the sublime vision of Er, which concludes the *Republic*. As an example of the urbanity (*δοτειότης*) of Socrates we must quote (in Mr. Lindsay's version, 337A) the passage in which he meets the truculence of Thrasymachus with words of sweetness and light:

When Thrasymachus heard this he burst out laughing and said, "O Heracles, this is our ironical Socrates whom we all know so well, I knew how it would be, and I told the others that you would refuse to give an answer, and would take refuge in irony or anything to excuse your answering a simple question."

"You are a wise man, Thrasymachus," I said, "and you know that if you asked some one what are the factors of twelve, and said to him 'Don't dare, sir, to tell me twelve is twice six, or three times four, or six times two, or four times three, for I will not have any such nonsense from you,' you could see, I fancy, that no one would answer that kind of question. . . ."

"Oh, well," he said, "the cases are so exactly parallel!"

"There is no reason why they should not be," I said. "But even if they were not, but one of those answers seems true to the person questioned, do you fancy that he will not answer as he thinks, whether we forbid him or not?"

This delightful treatise should form part of the mental furniture of every man who wishes to be counted among the educated; and the Greekless reader can approach far nearer to Plato than to Homer, though he loses a good deal. The present version is quite adequate, much cheaper than Jowett's, and perhaps somewhat better than the excellent translation by Davies and Vaughan, which appeared about forty years ago. In the very beginning of the dialogue, Mr. Lindsay scores a point in translating "old age, the threshold." Old age is the threshold of the other world, and the genitive is definitive. "The threshold of old age," as Jowett and Davies and Vaughan have it, would indicate middle age, approaching old, which does not suit the passages where the phrase is used by Homer. We like "think away" (339 B). A somewhat bizarre expression in 344 D is not hit off by any of them. We would suggest "having flooded our



ears with words, like a bathman giving a *douche*." In 345 B "am I to take the doctrine and feed you with it?" is not nearly so good as Jowett's "Would you have me put the proof bodily into your souls?" But if we went through the whole treatise comparing the versions, the world would not contain the reviews which should be written. In 375 A Davies and Vaughan's version "swift to overtake it when discovered," would mislead junior students into supposing that αἰσθανόμενον could be passive. Mr. Lindsay far better gives "quick of foot to pursue the moment they perceive"; αἰσθανόμενον is the accusative before διακρίνειν. "Musical modes," too, is better than "harmony." The passage on education, iii. 401-403, which Mr. Lindsay in his introduction rightly calls a notable passage, is, we regret, too long to quote. The phrase εἰ μὴ δδῶ seems to be not "I should not be justified in refusing your request" (Jowett), nor "I should be churlish to refuse" (Lindsay), still less "as I am an honest man" (Davies and Vaughan); but "I have a good right to do so," as explained by Stalbaum, who compares 608 D. Professor Adams, however explains, "I have no right to refuse."

Mr. Lindsay, in his excellent introduction, makes some instructive remarks on the relation between the form and the matter of the dialogue, and the disadvantages resulting from their combination:

Although the doctrines expounded in the dialogue are those of Plato, and although Socrates certainly never held them, yet Plato considered them to be the outcome of Socrates' teaching and life. In a sense Socrates is the subject of the dialogue. In his life he had given an example of that justice which it is the purpose of the dialogue to define and exalt. If Plato in the *Republic* no longer shares Socrates' optimism regarding the state, if this dialogue is in a sense, as Krohn says, a condemnation of Greek civilisation, it is so because Athens in putting Socrates to death had condemned herself. . . . Dramatically it is perfect; as an exposition of philosophy it presents certain difficulties.

The only misprint we have noticed is that of "tricker" for "tinker," in 495 E. It is a pity, because it spoils the passage (of which Matthew Arnold was so fond) in which Socrates expounds how the very qualities which make a man a philosopher may also divert him from philosophy. Thus philosophy is left desolate; her own have fallen away from her, and she is left unwed; unworthy persons enter in and dishonour her—puny creatures who, having been clever at their own miserable crafts, have made money. Such persons "take a leap out of their trades" into philosophy,

exactly like a bald little tinker who has just got out of durance and come into a fortune; he takes a bath and puts on a new coat and is decked out as a bridegroom going to marry his master's daughter, who is left poor and desolate [Jowett's version].

Such is the opinion of the wise Plato concerning the real condition of persons who are unworthy of education, when they approach divine philosophy, and thus, as it were, marry out of their own sphere. Hear, ye Board Schools!

R. Y. TYRRELL.

### A "FREE" STAGE

*The Struggle for a Free Stage in London.* By WATSON NICHOLSON. (Constable, 10s. 6d. net.)

To the ordinary, sane man there are few subjects so uninteresting as stage-history. One has to be a little stage-struck to take a delight in it; and even then, as usually handled by the chroniclers, it is barren. But there are moments when stage history becomes important, and there are ways of treating the subject that lift it out of the ruck of the chroniclers. Such a way is Dr. Watson Nicholson's (he is professor of English in the University of Yale), and such a moment we are inclined to believe, is the present, when the question whether, after all, we have a "free" stage is being forced upon our notice.

The English stage never has been free. If Dr. Nicholson had cared to start his story a century earlier than he does,

he would have found the Elizabethan authors and players tyrannised over by the Master of the Revels, who could, on occasion (usually on occasion of fees), make himself exceedingly and perversely unpleasant. He would have found, too, the same official doing his utmost to stifle the renewed life of the drama at the Restoration. So that even before his starting-point—the granting of the patents to Killigrew and Davenant by Charles II. in 1660—the stage was in bondage; just as (in the opinion of some at any rate) it may be held to be in bondage still, more than half a century after Dr. Nicholson's concluding event, the passing of the Theatre Regulation Bill of 1843.

Between those dates, 1660 and 1843, the story told by Dr. Nicholson (and told, we may add, remarkably well) is that of the growth and decay of a tyrannous monopoly. In 1660 Charles II., flourishing the inevitable British motive of the morality of the drama, granted patents to Shakespeare's godson, Sir William Davenant, the playwright and poet who had succeeded in performing operas even under Cromwell, and to one Tom Killigrew, a boon companion of the king, which gave them the sole right of having plays performed in London. Each started his theatre, Killigrew building the first Drury Lane, and Davenant occupying at first the house in Portugal Row, Lincoln's Inn Fields. The system worked fairly well for a time, while London was not so large as to require more than two theatres; though the combination of competition and restriction tended to lower the tone of the productions. But even moderate smoothness did not last long. Drury Lane failed, and in 1682 the two patents were united in one. A genuine monopoly was established, from which Betterton and others found themselves compelled to revolt. By granting Betterton a new licence, William III. showed that the position of the monopolists even as regards the Crown was not very sure, since what the Crown gave the Crown could take away; and the invasion of new theatres (e.g., the little theatre in the Haymarket and the Goodman's Fields Theatre of Odell and Gifford, which was soon to be rendered famous by Garrick) made their positions still more insecure. They found means to strengthen it in the Licensing Act of 1737.

Obviously the Licensing Act was aimed at the burlesques which Henry Fielding had been writing and producing at the Haymarket, in which Walpole and his Government were very roughly handled. This fashion had begun with the *Beggars' Opera* in 1728 and grew rapidly into favour. In effect the Bill proved to be nothing but a lever for exalting the two great patent houses, by checking or hampering all attempts at independent theatrical production. In giving parliamentary recognition to the fact of the Crown's absolute prerogative over theatrical amusements the Act admitted the exclusiveness of Charles II.'s grant, and also vested absolute power in the hands of the Crown's representative, the Lord Chamberlain, whose position was thus for the first time defined. He was the mouthpiece of the Crown, and in spite of conflicting legislation, which attempted to give some power to the magistrates, he was absolute in all matters relating to the theatre.

The use of absolute power depends on the mind and character of the person in whom it is vested. The Lord Chamberlains for a considerable time were all on the side of the great patent houses, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and against any attempts to establish independent theatres. Their power was used to bolster up the position of the great houses, which were constantly being attacked by the need for more theatres and the need for better drama than the patent houses gave. For the curious and interesting feature is this: Charles II. had granted his patents for the purpose of freeing the theatre from "prophanation and scurrility," and in the hope that "such kinds of entertainment . . . might serve as moral instructions in humane life"—an admirable phrase, and one which it is by no means impossible to reconcile with the Restoration drama as we know it. Within a few years restricted competition had ousted the "legitimate" in

favour of spectacle, music, and so forth—the "musical comedy," in fact, of the day; and thereafter the patent houses were never, with rare exceptions, in the van, and often very far in the rear. Instituted to be the home of Shakespeare and the better sort of drama, they became not only themselves the home of trained elephants, human flies, and the like, but the greatest obstacle existing to the performance of the drama proper in other theatres. When the public complained and complained in the most practical manner, by petitioning for, or by starting, another theatre, Drury Lane or Covent Garden rebuilt itself rather bigger than before, with the result that drama became even more impossible than ever in a place where three-quarters of the audience were too far away to see.

There came a time, however, when the double edge of absolute power became apparent. A Lord Chamberlain arose—Lord Dartmouth—an enlightened man, who took the intelligent view of these monstrous blots on English drama. He found that authors could not get their plays produced, that the public could not see what they wanted to see, that the actors could not free themselves from the tyranny of monopolist employers, that mismanagement, stupidity and vulgarity were the marks of the patent theatres. Early in the last century, though he could not remove the anomalies of the law, he did all in his power to encourage freedom of competition. The result was that the minor, independent theatres were more or less free to give the public what it had long clamoured for—the drama proper. True, it was still necessary in some cases to adhere to the form of the "burletta"; that is, to present *Macbeth*, for instance, with a certain amount of music, and at least five songs—for each of which a fee had to be paid to the Examiner of Plays; but less and less importance was attached to this pretence, and, Dr. Nicholson quotes a case in which all that was required was that there should be a pianist who once every five minutes struck a chord, inaudible to the house. Meanwhile, the patent, protected, Royal houses kept to their lions, elephants and human flies. The end came in sight in the eighteen-thirties, and by 1843 the monopolies were broken, and London had a "free stage."

How free? That is just the question. "The general construction placed upon the measure," writes Dr. Nicholson, "was that the Chamberlain's duty was the defence of morals, and that, otherwise, managers should be left free. . . . One objection only was raised to it as originally prepared, namely, to that clause empowering the Lord Chamberlain to prohibit, at his pleasure, the representation of any play whatever in any theatre in his jurisdiction. This was thought to invest that official with a power too inclusive, and hence too dangerous." An effort was made to alter the clause, but the effect was left unchanged. Some few years before, when a committee sat under Bulwer to consider the question of the theatres, it had been recommended "that the office of the censor should exist at the sole discretion of the Lord Chamberlain"; and in presenting his Dramatic Performances Bill, 1833, Bulwer had stated that "although the Dramatic Committee had thought the office of examiner of plays a needless one, they had retained it in the proposed bill, fearing that any attempt to abolish that office might militate against the bill itself." He had previously insisted that "the only true censor of the age was the spirit of the age," and that the public and the press were thought to be "better censors by far than any 'ignorant and bungling official' appointed for that purpose."

The story, then, is fairly clear. The office of censor was regarded as useless by enlightened minds as long ago as 1832; but since the Lord Chamberlain was to be relieved of his autocratic power over the drama of London the office of examiner of plays was retained, partly in order that, by being placed under his control, it might act as a small consolation, partly lest the proposal to abolish it might frighten the House into rejecting other reforms. It is no part of our purpose to examine the conduct of the

office since that date. It is enough to point out how it came to have the status it holds and how it comes to be in existence at all nearly one hundred years after it had been implicitly condemned. We move slowly in England, and the effort to rid the drama of one huge injustice seems to have exhausted the efforts of its champions.

### FAMILY, FINANCE, AND FASHION

*The Houblon Family, its Story and Times.* 2 vols. By Lady ALICE ARCHER HOUBLON. (Constable, 31s. 6d. net.)

THERE are reviewers who regard "Family Histories" as their natural prey. To them the amiable tendencies displayed by authors of such books to gather into the bosom of the family they celebrate all whose name affords the least justification for such a welcome, is an eighth deadly sin, to be chastised with scorpions. They may be justified in their strictures from their own point of view, in certain instances. But for the most part it would seem that their mountain in labour is delivered of the most ridiculous breed of mice. For the best kind of family history is seldom written either by a profound antiquarian, or from a profoundly antiquarian point of view. The real value of a family history is to paint in upon the broad background of history bright and lively foreground figures, little personalities whose mannerisms of speech and dress, whose little everyday joys and sorrows, successes and failures, may serve, by reminding us that human nature is much the same in all ages, to make the social and political *milieu* in which they moved as clearly defined and as real as themselves. And if among the figures so depicted, there are some which loom large upon the background of their day, so much the better for the perspective and harmony of the picture.

It is precisely this same craving for humanity in history which attaches an exaggerated interest to the Duke of Wellington's "twopenny tinker's damn": which has made the fortune of Madame Tussaud's and which invests the birthplace of Shakespeare with more value than his works for the Transatlantic devotee. And though this inversion of values is food for sorrow and contempt to the "serious" historian to whom results, not processes, are all that matter, and who finds more joy in the bald record of an event than in the character of the men who made the event possible, it is none the less the very marrow of living history.

Lady Alice Archer Houblon's book is an admirable example of this most desirable type of Family History. The right ingredients are all here, and they are most judiciously combined. A family of quite respectable antiquity, having a highly reputable known record in its early stages, with more than a hint of greater glories in the dimmer past: for members of that family, merchant princes and pioneers of finance, friends of men perhaps more famous but no more humanly interesting than themselves; generous glimpses of wider history, whose relation to the "figures" is at times almost shadowy, but which well fills in the scene; romance a little, humour a little, pathos a little, moralising a little, and love (not a little) for the family whose credit and renown she celebrates—these furnish the amiable authoress with ample material for the two beautiful volumes which contain the history of the Houblon family.

But it must not be inferred that the genealogical aspect of the history has been either neglected or unduly expanded in the slipshod fashion to which allusion was made in the beginning of this review. On the contrary, the actual pedigree of the Houblons is soberly and clearly traced, both in chart and paragraph form. Scanty reference to authorities does not imply incorrectness or lack of actual verification; and the authoress has wisely abstained from the wild speculation which mars many works of this kind. True, she is prone to claim all Hoblyns, Hublands, Houpleines, and most Hopes as



collaterals of the Houlblons; but as often as not she has some ground for her surmises in this field: and her pedigrees are not obscured by the introduction of doubtful individuals. The family has played a sufficiently distinguished part in the history of the city of London to be able to dispense with adventitious aids to its glory. And an unbroken male descent from the opening years of the sixteenth century to the present day needs no mythical trimmings to put it in the first rank of English pedigrees.

Moreover, the Houlblons themselves, as portrayed by the sympathetic pen of the authoress, are very charming and natural people; not free from weaknesses and failings, yet worthy representatives of the country of their adoption; diarists, and letter-writers too, of a rare verve and charm, especially the witty and unfortunate lady, of whose romantic marriage to Baron Feilitzsch in the troublous days of the first Napoleon is told for the most part in her own words—and orthography! Her lightning word-sketches of the great figures of the seething European muddle are rendered indescribably piquant by the dash of quaint *malice* in their colouring.

It is scarcely correct to speak of the "rise" of the Houlblons. For the persecutions of Alva enriched London by many solid and prosperous Lillois merchants, among whom was the "confessor" of this family. So that their whole history so far back as we know it has been one of continued prosperity and honour. The time of Elizabeth sees them not yet endenized, but prominent among the "Merchant Strangers" of London. In 1592 was born James Houlblon whom Pepys styled "Pater Bursae Londinensis," and who in his span of ninety years saw the end of a dynasty, the reigns of four monarchs, civil war, revolution and regicide—the dour days of the Commonwealth, and the mad excesses of the restored Court, London scourged by plague (which nigh on a score of years before had claimed his wife) and cleansed by fire. It is this James Houlblon who is really the central figure of the book. His name, with those of his five sons, appears frequently in the pages of Pepys' Diary, which is largely drawn upon by the authoress. Associated with some of the earliest banking ventures in this country, James Houlblon was the progenitor of the most remarkable family in the history of English finance. Sir James and Sir John were both in the first three of the directors of the Bank of England elected by ballot. The latter was first governor of the Bank, Lord Mayor of London in 1695, and a member of the Commission of the Admiralty formed in the previous year. He was also Master of the Grocers' Company. During the crisis at the Bank brought about by the jealousy of the Goldsmiths, and by its support of the ill-considered Land Bank scheme, there were, as "J. A." complained in a tract expressing the complaints of the shareholders at the high-handed action of the directors, "six relations of a certain family" among the twenty-six directors of the Bank, viz., Sir John, governor; his brothers Sir James and Abraham (afterwards deputy governor and governor), and his nephew Peter; his brother-in-law John Lordell (also of Huguenot descent), and his cousin Peter du Cane.

Sir James, merchant adventurer, is associated with one of the wildest romances in the history of British trade. It was his ship *The Charles II.* that was re-christened the *Phansy* by the pirate Every, formerly her mate, when he started on his career of adventure, which ended so disastrously, not for himself, but for the poor Governor of the Bahamas. And it was to appease the wrath of the East India Company that Captain Kidd was despatched by the Admiralty, to suppress the calling of which he soon became the most famous exponent!

From piracy to parsons is a far cry. But one of the most delightful characters in the book is that of the Rev. Stotherd Abdy, Rector of Coopersale, Essex, as revealed by his diary of "the Welford Wedding" of Jacob Houlblon (the fourth of the name) to Susanna, daughter and eventual heiress of John Archer of Welford, Berks, on June 18, 1770. From the careful record of

good fare—"Excellent veal cutlets and a Rabbit, roasted" "Tea and Coffee and many eatables of the Cake and Bread and Butter kind" "a most noble Pike" and so on, we should judge that the good parson loved his inner man. And an extract which tells of a Sunday spent in the wildest horse-play, because card-playing was not considered seemly on that day, suggests that the rowdiness of house-parties is no modern development, while the Bridge of to-day seems to have had a worthy predecessor in the Brag of the days of George III. Nor was the modern rivalry between billiard-room and drawing-room unknown, for Parson Abdy tells how he got into sad trouble with the ladies for deserting them to join in "a Party at Hazards."

And do we not recognise the scene described by young Mrs. Houlblon, at the Herts Militia Ball?

Some few were dressed with that neat elegant simplicity that surpasses every distinguishing ornament, and must at least pass uncensured as it is unstudied. Some were gaily apparelled but with taste and elegance. But more had called every flower, ribbon and feather to their aid! And yet it is most probable that among all this motley crew none had the least idea that they were not well dress'd! As to the gentlemen they were, I believe, all very properly dress'd. The eighteen of our Regiment who were there could not be otherwise. . . . *Memo.* My Dress was a new polonese of dove-colour'd satin trimmed with ermine; apron, &c. &c. of Brussels Lace, pink ribbon bows and diamonds.

From 1778 to 1782 Jacob and John Houlblon were both on service in the Herts Militia, and were among those who were encamped in Hyde Park during the Gordon Riots.

The two chapters "Lætitia" and "My Baron" contain the story to which allusion has already been made and it is difficult to refrain from quotation. But Lætitia's stay in Paris affords some choice morsels of rapid characterisation:

Went to the Opera. Violent squalling and no good dancing. French don't sound well in recitative.

At Versailles she observes:

The King looks heavy and bloated, and waddles. Monsieur the same. Comte d'Artois a fine figure. His sons fine Boys. The Queen's a majestick figure. Madame Royal ugly, and looks sulky. Madame Elizabeth a pleasing Woman. The Savoyards not so.

In 1795:

The Duke of York is extolled as a Commander. It pleases me that he is good for something.

And to conclude, here is a love story told with the brevity of a despatch, but full of joy in the romance:

What a pretty Novel is the Princes of Prussia's love! How the 2 Princesses (of Mecklenburg) "begged Grandmama to take them to Frankfurt." How Granny said: "I wish it with all my heart, but as I have but 3000 Thalers for both your maintenance, I can only buy you muslin dresses & that's not fit." How Misses wept & coax'd, & that they should die with anxiety to see the King of Prussia, & that they would be quite incog. Granny relented and all packed up. How a Burgomaster who knew them invited them to a Ball, & the moment the Princes' (of Prussia) entered, they fell desperately in Love; but that the Prince Royal would not speak to the eldest Princess that He might observe Her the more. And how the next morning He threw Himself at the King's feet, & said, as His Majesty had always been so kind to allow Him to speak His mind, He now declared that His whole happiness depended upon the Princess of Mecklenburg for a wife. The K. took Him up, embraced Him, said His first wish was accomplished, which was that His Son's heart might speak. That he highly approved, & would instantly write to the Queen for Her approbation. The Prince went to His Brother; said He was the happiest of Mortals, for His Father had sanctioned His Passion. The young one was sadly alarmed, recollecting that He had noticed the only youngest, hesitatingly asked which? The eldest! Then my dearest Brother, you are not the happiest of Mortals, for I will marry the youngest! So they hugged; & Papa was as agreeable to this as that. Granny liked to have died with joy. The Princesses only feared that it would bring on their Father's Jaundice again, who was just recovering. A fine Ball was given, the want of dress was removed, & there's a pretty Tale just as I heard it from a Lady who has come from Frankfurt. The King wanted one of our Princesses, but George said it must be the Eldest, & she was thought much too old! If that's true, our poor Daughters must remain as good Maids as they can!

The elder of these two sisters was afterwards Louise,

Queen of Prussia, whose heroic life is the subject of a recently published biography.

The history is brought down to the present day; but we can do no more than note the exquisite beauty of Mary Anne Eyre, the mother of the present representative of the family, Colonel George Bramston Eyre (now, Archer Houblon), whose wife is the authoress of these volumes: the general excellence of the illustrations throughout, including those in colour; and the unostentatious beauty of print and binding, which go to make the appearance of the book worthy of its contents. Lady Alice Archer Houblon is fortunate in having material of such wide interest on which to exercise her skill, and the family is fortunate in its historian.

### THE CZAR'S DOMINION

*A Year in Russia.* By MAURICE BARING. (Methuen, 10s. 6d. net.)

IN his preface to this book Mr. Baring says that most of the books published on Russian affairs increase, rather than dispel, the ignorance in England about Russia; it must be a satisfaction to Mr. Baring to know that this charge can never be brought against his own unpretentious work. The book, it must be said at once, is founded largely on letters contributed to the *Morning Post*, and is a record of things seen and heard in Russia by the author in the year which began in August 1905; and some day the author hopes to give an explanation of these facts by writing a book on the Russian people and literature. Newspaper letters do not as a rule appear to advantage in book form, but Mr. Baring's do not suffer much by being transplanted, because his interests are so wide and his treatment of affairs so human that he manages to make his "copy" of more than ephemeral interest. The fact will be remembered by those who read his "With the Russians in Manchuria," and it may well be suggested now that he is, if not the best informed, at any rate the pleasantest writer of the small body of English correspondents in Russia.

Mr. Baring is, of course, too wise to be a prophet or a violent partisan; he owns that his views have been changed during the last three years, and we suspect that, like those of whom he writes, he is not vexed by public affairs, but anxious to knock the factious dogs on the head. He does not force politics on his readers, though in his more serious moments he can be, as in the chapters on the Duma, most illuminating; his favourite plan is to give a ludicrously commonplace appearance to facts, which, under the treatment of the sensation-monger, might be tricked out in all sorts of garish ways. One instance may be enough to illustrate this:

The first thing which brought home to me that Russia had been granted the promise of a Constitution was this: I went to the big Russian baths. Somebody came in and I asked for some soap, upon which the barber's assistant, aged about ten, said with the air of a Hampden, "Give the 'citizen' some soap."

It is not, however, so much for the political views expressed in it that this book will be valued, as for the light which the author throws on the life of the Russian people. He has much to say of the Russian taste for English literature, of the peasants' love for "Paradise Lost," which is popular (in translation) just as "Pilgrim's Progress" has always been popular in England, and he quotes, to go to another extreme, the case of a doctor in the Far East, who admired Jerome K. Jerome enormously. All through the book, which is in diary form, are scattered stories and observations, which are often instructive and more often still amusing. One day's entry may be devoted to describing a sunset, ending with an account of a Chinese peripatetic school, where one of the students asked whether in England "you write and a big captain comes to look-see, and if all was not well, beats you," to which Mr. Baring truthfully replied that practically this

was the procedure of our competitive examinations. Then you may open a page by chance and find nothing more serious than this:

January 3.

In the hospital a soldier told me two fairy tales; one was about a wizard, and the other was in octosyllabic verse. It took twenty-five minutes to tell. When he alluded to the "cloak of darkness" he called it a "waterproof" cloak.

January 4.

A cabman who drove me home last night drove me again to-day. He said it was lucky I had taken him yesterday, because he had not had another fare; and that he had told his comrades all about it, and had said he would have been lost had not the Lord sent him a Barine, and such a Barine too. (I had heavily overpaid him.) I said, "I suppose you said, 'God sent you a fool.'" "Oh! Barine, don't offend God," he answered.

But it is not all so light as this; in places the diary is almost lyrical and the account of the ride on the hay-wagon near Moscow might have been written by Mr. Belloc; and the humour too is the humour of Mr. Belloc (are they not both contributors to the same daily paper?) as may be seen by one more extract, dealing this time with the hackneyed subject of Easter at Moscow:

I heard a faint mutter in the next room, a small voice murmuring "Gospodi, Gospodi" ("Lord, Lord"). I went to see who it was and found it was the policeman, sighing for his tip, not wishing to disturb, but at the same time anxious to indicate his presence. He brought me a crimson egg. Then came the doorkeeper and the cook, and the policeman must, I think, have been pleased with his tip, because policemen have been coming ever since, and there are not more than two who belong to my street.

Those who read the book will probably, even if they start with average ignorance of Russia, close it with saner views and with a keen desire that Mr. Baring's promised books on Russia will be speedily published.

### THE ENGLISH LOVE OF FLOWERS

*Nature's Own Gardens.* By MAUD M. CLARKE. (Dent, 21s.)

THE long series of reprints and new books on gardens and wild flowers still continues to be published, and seems to continue as popular as ever. These books mark a very pleasing characteristic of ours as a people—our love of flowers. English horticulture has always ranked high in that humanising craft, and the record of the acclimatisation of foreign plants has been more carefully kept in this country than perhaps in any other, ever since the printing of the first herbal, Gerarde's, in 1597. The principal master-gardeners in England are of course usually Scotch. This is owing to the superior intelligence in Scotland of the class from which gardeners are drawn, and to the long and arduous apprenticeship which they there have to pass through. The love of flowers is nevertheless peculiarly English, as the beauty of village gardens all over England plainly shows. The love of wild flowers is no doubt a later development than horticulture, and attention to them was at first confined to the scientific, who regarded them purely for the sake of their properties, but the number of English popular names shows that they were valued by the country people not only as simples, for the names frequently do not refer to their medicinal qualities, but to their forms. The frequency with which posies of wild flowers are still seen in cottage windows also seems to show that if a love of them is not indigenous, it has been very easily and unconsciously acquired.

Miss Maud U. Clarke seems to have inherited this taste, as she has certainly cultivated it to some purpose. She has essayed to make a book by herself, both writing it and illustrating it fully. This is a bold undertaking; very few observers have the gift of recording their observations in words, and also in line and colour. Miss Clarke shows herself a diligent and enthusiastic observer of plant life, and even of plant form. Unfortunately for her book-making, she has studied Richard Jefferies too much. Like all great individual artists unapproached in their peculiar field of art, Jefferies is a bad master, his thoughts



and his expression are very difficult to assimilate. His pupil's style is so much affected by his, that comparison between them becomes inevitable, and the pupil's work suffers unjustly. We cannot help comparing Miss Clarke's too sententious analysis of natural economy with such passages as this:

Sweet is the bitter sea by the shore, where the faint blue pebbles are lapped by the green-grey wave, where the wind-quivering foam is loath to leave the lashed stone. Sweet is the bitter sea, and the clear green in which the gaze seeks the soul, looking through the glass into itself. The sea thinks for me as I listen and ponder; the sea thinks, and every boom of the wave repeats my prayer. . . . Leaving the shore I walk among the trees; a cloud passes, and the sweet shore rain comes mingled with sunbeams and flower-scented air. The finches sing among the fresh green leaves of the beeches. Beautiful it is, in the summer days, to see the wheat wave, and the long grass foam-flecked of flower yield and return to the wind. My soul of itself always desires; these are to it as fresh food.

Though there is room for criticism in the form of such writing, it has an extraordinary vividness of expression, which Miss Clarke entirely misses. Her elaborate inquiries into the economy of Nature conducted in a certain literary style lead to obscurities. They leave more blurred and less suggestive impressions of Nature itself than the familiar gossip of Ann Pratt or even than the well-meant efforts of C. A. Johns to popularise elementary Botany. Miss Clarke's best chapters are those in which she casts off Jefferies and gives practical notes for the semi-cultivation of plants in wood and water-gardens. Her notes suggest the possibility of creating charming places where the spirit of Jefferies might dwell. In her illustrations Miss Clarke does not show much knowledge or trained observation of flower forms. Her outline studies of flowers lack perspective, clearness of expression, sureness of touch and delicacy in the treatment of their subtle curves and angles. They have the air of having been studied from pressed or faded specimens. She might do better with the brush alone. In this particular style she would get help from the true and very simple flower-studies of Miss A. M. Corfe. More advanced and more exquisite are the beautiful flower studies of Ruskin. Nothing of the kind is more difficult than the treatment of flowers as landscape, and Miss Clarke is rash in attempting an art in which so few trained painters succeed; such rare pictures as the *Tulip-fields* of Monsieur Claude Monet should show her what genius it needs, if indeed the work of Monet does not make her despair. For flowers treated as *genre* she should study the contemporary work of Fantin-Latour and of Mr. Walter James, and of course the earlier Dutch, French and English flower-masters, such as Van Huysum, though these may not please her so well. She is not afraid of pure, strong colour, indeed she is not sufficiently afraid of it, for she has little idea of its relative values. It is a great merit to have a natural love for it and she may yet learn to see it and use it, in its true proportions. No doubt her work suffers from reproduction, for the representation of flowers by mechanical processes has not yet been satisfactorily accomplished, as may be seen by comparing the first years of Curtis's *Botanical Magazine* and the first edition of Sowerby's "British Botany" with the later volumes of those works, which have no artistic merit whatever. For the rest Messrs. Dent's prints are up to their well-known and popular level.

We have criticised Miss Clarke's text and illustrations from a strictly technical standpoint, but it must be said, that she probably does not intend to appeal to that standard, and we should lose by failing to refer it to the standard which she really seems to have in view. After all, such criticism appeals to but a small and perhaps too artificial public. These people are not too sincere in the expression of their tastes, and they often fatigue us with their continual efforts to keep them up to the mark. Miss Clarke shows that she possesses delicate powers of perception, a cheering personality and a well-ordered, not too subtle intelligence. Her book shows on very page the pure pleasure which she had in making it, a pleasure which

will communicate itself to the more simple-minded of her readers. There is a healthy country atmosphere about it which is pleasant to us and will be especially attractive to the less sophisticated. There are many charming, restful people, *anima candidæ*, who will be delighted with it. They shrink from a strong personality. The all-pervading presence of Jefferies in the nature which he creates in order to express his own soul repels them and interferes with their perception of Nature. They absorb Nature unconsciously as it were through the pores of the skin, and they carry with them something of the breath of May. Miss Clarke's mildly meandering philosophy may supply thoughts for their country rambles that may quicken their perceptions, but it will not interfere with their natural enjoyment; it will only make them think they have been thinking. We are grateful to her and to Messrs. Dent for providing us with another pretty gift-book for our gentle, less-critical friends.

## THE LIBRARY TABLE

*Wanderings East of Suez.* By FREDERIC COURTLAND PENFIELD. (Bell, 10s. 6d. net.)

THERE was once an egregious globe-trotter who boasted that he had "discovered" India, and nearly "detected" America. Mr. Penfield, being an American, is even more ingenuous. In his introductory chapter he admits that "so thorough was my mental acquaintance with India through years of sympathetic study of Kipling that a leisurely survey of Hind simply confirmed my impressions." Could anything be more naïve? It seems almost unkind to remind the author of a certain Pagett M.P., who "came on a four months' visit, to 'study the East' in November," with disastrous results. But there is a fatuous similarity between Pagett and Penfield, which it were idle to ignore. The itinerary of the latter covers Suez, Colombo, Bombay, Benares, Calcutta, Singapore, Hong Kong, Canton, Macao, and Tokyo. He includes in his travel-talk a dissertation on the Suez Canal, a description of the Cingalese pearl-fishery, considerable admiration of Great Britain's world commerce, and some lamentation at the paucity of American trade.

What the American, zigzagging up and down and across that boundless region spoken of as East of Suez fails to see is the product of Uncle Sam's mills, workshops, mines and farms. From the moment he passes the Suez Canal to his arrival at Hong Kong or Yokohama the Stars and Stripes are discovered in no harbor nor upon any sea; and maybe he sees the emblem of the great republic not once in the transit of the Pacific.

Which is well. And again:

If one be a sufferer from Anglophobia, a tour of the globe by conventional paths may produce rather more irritation than is good for man—to such a traveler the British Empire is a chronic nightmare, for the red flag is everywhere. Every harbor seems choked with English shipping, if not guarded by a British warship, and Tommy Atkins is the first man met ashore.

This is all very satisfactory, but Mr. Penfield has really nothing new to tell about any of the places he visited. He has assimilated much useful information, many statistics, and not a few superficial impressions. These he has clothed in picturesque language, decorated here and there with such gems as "truthlet" for a little truth; "honked down in his motor-car"; "dicker" for negotiation; "standees"; and "drooling idiot." The book has some fair illustrations and a good index.

*Hindustan under Free Lances, 1770-1820.* By H. G. KEENE. (Brown, Langham, 15s.)

THE period of the great anarchy in India is to be gathered from the title of this book, which is a history of the more prominent European adventurers, outside the control of any European government, who played a part in Hindustan after the downfall of the Great Moghul.

Mr. Keene, whose works on the history of India are well known, is fully qualified to deal with these men whose life history is of interest to many besides those acquainted with the field of their exploits. They were a curious collection of men: the late Sir Richard Temple describes them well in the preface as being

like stormy petrels hovering over the sea of trouble, or like mariners in their barques riding on the crests of the waves, often nearing the breakers, yet rarely striking on them and but seldom engulfed. . . . Their origin was as various as their employments, Italians, Savoyards, French, Flemish, Dutch, and occasionally even British; some were of gentle, almost noble, birth, some were soldiers from the ranks, some were from the fore-castle, some were deserters, some were mere swash-bucklers, some were gentlemen and administrators, some were honourable though rough soldiers, some were money-makers, and some were adventurers of the meanest type.

When political existence was a continual life and death struggle, men of this kind were always welcome to Asiatic rulers, who were glad enough to have in their service men capable of drilling troops and leading them in the field. They were employed, too, in many cases in the hope that the dreaded tide of the British advance might be checked by native troops if they were drilled by men of one or other of the fateful European races. The most notable of them all was M. Boigne, a Savoyard by birth, education, and experience, who rose to be the right-hand man of Sindhia, the most powerful chief in India, and who ultimately died full of honour in his native country, to which he made several benefactions, in 1830. The use, indeed, which he made in his retirement of the wealth which he had accumulated, is in striking contrast to the conduct of his British contemporaries who were spending their gains in raising, as has been said, nothing but the price of fresh eggs and rotten borough. As an example of the British free lance there may be quoted the case of Colonel James Skinner, the son of an English officer and Rajput lady, who served for some time in Sindhia's army and afterwards did such good work for the British army; his famous corps of cavalry in canary-coloured uniform is still represented. A remarkable fact is related of him that though quite English in his habits, in his latter days he used the Persian language by preference when he had to write at length.

The book, which has already appeared in chapters in a Calcutta review, is throughout interesting, and written in a way that will make the narrative easily intelligible to English readers. Most of those who read it will probably be struck by the resemblance of these free lances to those who learned the art of war under Gustavus Adolphus.

*Ornithological and Other Oddities.* By FRANK FINN. (Lane: 10s. 6d. net.)

In this volume Mr. Finn has brought together a number of essays, mostly ornithological, which have appeared from time to time in various magazines, and they certainly make a most readable volume.

Mr. Finn touches lightly on many themes, and withal after a fashion that shows an intimate acquaintance with his subject. As the title of his book implies, his aim has been to bring together all the out-of-the-way facts about the creatures he writes about, and his choice of instances has been a very happy one. The chapter on the "Toilet of Birds" may serve as a sample. Herein he discusses the uses of the birds' oil-gland, or as he calls it, "pomatum-pot," and the still more curious "powder-puff" and "comb."

While it is generally supposed that all that can be known about the first-named has been discovered—a supposition which we have many reasons for regarding as fallacious—no one has yet been able to fathom the real purpose either of the "powder-puff" or comb. The first of these two accessories takes the form of curious down-like feathers which are constantly disintegrating, giving rise to an extremely fine powder, peculiarly smooth to the touch, reminding one, when rubbed between the fingers, of "fuller's earth." In the herons and bitterns these

feathers form large matted patches on the throat and over the thighs, while in the parrots and certain birds of prey these feathers are scattered all over the body. But they are found in several different kinds of birds, and have therefore been independently acquired—but for what purpose? The peculiar bloom on the cheek of the grey parrot—a bloom which extends even to the beak—is due to this powder, but when we have stated this fact we have said all that can at present be said.

The "comb" is a no less mysterious instrument. This is represented by peculiar serrations along the inner edge of the claw of the middle toe of a considerable number of quite unrelated birds, such, for example, as herons and night-jars, while in birds which are certainly closely related, some may have it while others do not. The barn-owls, for example, possess this strange instrument, but no other owl. The night-jars are supposed to find it useful in cleaning the long bristles which fringe the mouth, though there seems to be no evidence in support of this!

With this sample of the fare which Mr. Finn has provided for his readers this notice must perforce close, since any attempt to survey the book as a whole would be impossible within the space at our disposal. Suffice it to say, by way of general summary, there is not a dull line in the whole volume, while the illustrations are remarkably good.

## THE CENSORSHIP OF PLAYS

THE extraordinary action of the Lord Chamberlain's department with regard to *The Mikado*, deplorable as it is alike from the artistic and the political standpoint, will not be wholly matter for regret if its result is to direct public attention to the absurdities of our whole system of licensing plays. The subject is not one which as a rule comes under the notice of the ordinary man. Nine times out of ten he is probably quite unconscious that the Lord Chamberlain is interfering or has power to interfere with his amusements at the theatre. But the tenth time some piece of more than ordinary stupidity brings home to him the outrageous character of the rules under which our drama is governed, and every time this happens the end of the present system is brought a step nearer.

As the details of that system are not generally known in this country it will perhaps be well to explain briefly the nature of the English dramatic censorship and the principles on which it is administered. The King's Reader of Plays (to give him his correct designation) is a subordinate official in the Lord Chamberlain's department. It is his duty to read every play which it is proposed to perform publicly in Great Britain and to advise the Lord Chamberlain whether a licence for such performance shall be granted or withheld. Ireland, it appears, is exempt from his ministrations, which perhaps explains why Ireland to-day has an active literary theatre zealously engaged in fostering a contemporary drama of some artistic sincerity while England has not. If the licence for a play is refused no public performance in any theatre or hall in Great Britain can be given, and from that decision there is no appeal. The licenser, being the mere deputy of a Court official, is not under the Home Office and is not responsible to Parliament. To curtail or take away his powers would require special legislation, though, of course, the spirit in which they are exercised might be modified if wiser views as to artistic questions prevailed at the Lord Chamberlain's office. But as the Lord Chamberlain is not selected for his artistic proclivities or for his knowledge of contemporary drama, but exists for a totally different purpose, namely, to see that ladies who attend Drawing-rooms drive up to the right door and have the right length of train, no alteration in that direction is to be looked for. Be this as it may, no stage play can be performed publicly in England without



a licence from the Lord Chamberlain. And here we meet with one of the most glaring anomalies of the system. *No dramatist can get his play licensed in England at all.* A licence can only be granted to the manager of a theatre. In England, it seems, dramatists are not supposed to exist, only theatrical managers. If a dramatist therefore wishes to have the play licensed he must submit it through a manager, and if, as may easily happen, he desires to get it licensed before any arrangements have been made as to production at any particular theatre, he can only do this through the friendly offices of some manager whom he chances to know. If he is merely a man of letters who has no acquaintances in the theatrical world his play must go unlicensed until he makes such acquaintance. In this country apparently the idea of a man of letters having anything to do with the drama is so abhorrent to the Lord Chamberlain's department that they feel bound to exert all the influence at their command to prevent so disastrous a connection. But though the existence of the dramatist is not recognised at the Lord Chamberlain's office for the purpose of licensing a play, a fee is exacted from him for the granting (or the withholding) of that licence, namely, one guinea for a one-act play, and two guineas for a play in more than one act. The author, in fact, has to pay for having his play read though he is not allowed to submit it for reading purposes or to receive a licence for it if a licence be granted, an illuminating instance of the workings of the official mind when it has to deal with the artist.

The system on which plays are licensed in England being of this gloriously haphazard description it is not surprising that the wrong plays are constantly passed by the Censor and the right plays constantly refused. The problem of deciding what to allow and what to forbid in any department whether of art or morals is notoriously almost insoluble, and is indeed one great argument against any Censorship at all. But when the duty is left in the hands of a Department which has no knowledge of and no interest in the subject in hand the result is inevitably chaos. The plays which have been refused a licence during the past few years include *Monna Vanna* and *Sister Beatrice* by Maeterlinck, *Ghosts* by Ibsen, *La Citta Morte* by D'Annunzio, *The Cenci* by Shelley, three plays by Brieux (*The Three Daughters of M. Dupont*, *Maternité* and *Les Hannelons*), *Mrs. Warren's Profession* by Bernard Shaw, *Salomé* by Oscar Wilde and now *The Mikado*. There are of course, many others, but these are the more conspicuous examples. Why were these plays refused a licence? Why does the Lord Chamberlain license *Zaza* and reject *Mrs. Warren's Profession*? Why does he accept *Sapho* and refuse *Les Hannelons*? Is *Ghosts* a less ennobling and artistically admirable piece of work than *A Wife Without a Smile*? Is *The Three Daughters of M. Dupont* which he banned a depraving play and *Education du Prince* which he blessed an elevating one? We cannot think so. We admit the enormous difficulties of the Censor's position. It would probably be impossible to fill that position without making mistakes. But we maintain that the present Censor makes very many more mistakes than are at all necessary, and that a drastic reconsideration of the principles on which his decisions are based is imperatively required. And we also suggest that if the administration of the Censorship is quite so difficult as it appears, it is at least a question whether the office had not better be abolished and its functions left to the Police who already have power to interfere in the theatre whenever decency or order require.

We have spoken of the "principles" on which the Censor's decisions are based, but it is not easy to say what those principles are. The rejection of *Monna Vanna*, for example, has always puzzled even the most zealous defenders of the present system. The legend is that the Censor misread the stage direction which bids *Monna Vanna* enter, "*nue sous un manteau*" as "*nue sans un manteau*" and, blushing, refused a licence. But it may be only a legend. The D'Annunzio and the Shelley and

the Shaw plays were probably refused on account of their subjects. The Brieux and the Ibsen ones because they were immoral (!). But there is no knowing. The secrets of the licensing mind are well guarded. *Salomé* no doubt was refused because its cast includes persons mentioned in Scripture, and it is a rule of the Lord Chamberlain's office that no Biblical subject or character should be presented on the English stage unless the play was written before the days of Sir Robert Walpole. This rule, it will be remembered, was enforced in the case of Massenet's opera *Hérodiade*, the characters of which had to have their names altered before the work could be given at Covent Garden! The same principle, no doubt, will apply to Strauss's *Salomé*, and London will be cut off from all chance of hearing the most famous opera of to-day unless Herr Strauss (and Mr. Wilde's literary executor) consent to the alteration of *Salomé's* name to Mary Ann and Herod's to Harrods. Then the cause of religion will have been safeguarded from the corrupting influence of the theatre—and the Censorship will have made itself so unutterably ludicrous that its days will be numbered even in this solemn country. It is therefore much to be hoped from every point of view that music-lovers in London will make every effort to secure the performance of Strauss's opera in London during the present season. Opera in England to-day has a powerful backing among the rich and intelligent classes of the community, and they are both able and willing to exert their influence on behalf of the art which they love. If they bestir themselves Strauss's opera will be performed here. If the drama in this country had ever succeeded in enlisting a similar measure of intelligence and enthusiasm on its side the Censorship of plays in its present form would not have survived till now. It would have perished of its own ineptitude.

## ON THE DECAY OF FRENCH MANNERS

ACCORDING to the late Mr. F. Trollope (a brother of the novelist), who was familiar with the continental society of half a century ago, the last Frenchman to retain, in the perfection of its traditions, "*la grande manière*" was Châteaubriand, the author of "*Le Génie du Christianisme*." That this complex personage, who had shown himself to be in so many respects an innovator, and even, politically speaking, an iconoclast, should have displayed an unswerving loyalty to forms which to a modern mind might seem to matter as little or less than any other, is attributable doubtless to his romanticism. An ineradicable pride of race was one of the most significant elements in the romanticism of this great writer, the founder indeed of the Romantic School, the literary father of Victor Hugo; on it was based his passion for politeness, and out of this in turn grew in a great measure his admiration for Christianity and his attitude of veneration towards the Catholic Church, whom he upheld and defended, and whose tenets he accepted in a spirit of chivalry which was the very essence of good breeding. Châteaubriand would have condemned the conduct of the French Government of to-day towards the Catholic Church as, above all things, ungentlemanly, and therein it would, we fear, have been difficult to gainsay him. Good manners are impossible without sincere religion in one form or another, and the converse is also true. The decay of French manners—which is alas! a real thing—has been contemporary with the gradual disappearance or decline of most of the finer artistic instincts by which the life of the French people was formerly inspired.

This is a world-wide disaster. Be it understood, however, that we are not seeking to establish invidious comparisons. We are not saying that while French manners have deteriorated, English manners have improved. We

have no knowledge of English manners, as such, nor do we fully believe that they have any categorical existence. But France has hitherto been the fount of politeness from whose sparkling sources the rest of the civilised world has drawn its supply. That this fount should be running dry is as terrible a catastrophe as was the decay of Greek art, and the final oblivion which has overtaken its principles and teachings. In a few years it is more than likely that Europe will no longer possess any but defunct models of *savoir-vivre*, dilapidated antiques without arms or legs.

Politeness, to which the French nation has given so subtle and suave a countenance, probably originated in a sense of fear. To study fear in its highest expression we must go to the insect world. No living thing will make way for you with greater conviction or *empressement* than the common insect of our fields and roads, which through countless æons of fear has gradually acquired an elaborate coat of armour, a number of eyes in its back, a habit of only going out at night, and a thousand legs to run away with. Such a creature is wonderfully adapted by nature for the practice of the cheaper courtesies of life. It could hardly ever make a *gaffe*. In semi-savage countries, such as Germany and certain states of America, politeness is, though barbaric, of a more ceremonious description than among better bred and better fed peoples. A more or less vague feeling of apprehension governs it. And even in France to-day the cheerful good-morning which the French peasant as a rule gives you is often distinctly reassuring when you meet him at some lonely corner of a wood. The practice of handshaking is traced by certain authorities to a desire common to the parties concerned to show that neither is carrying a weapon. But these origins are of small import. The art of politeness, invented and brought to its apogee of completeness by the French, belongs to quite a different sphere of ideas. Politeness, instead of being a homage to the strong, had developed from the days of chivalry when its chief mission was to protect the weak, into a perfect compendium of the art of living based upon unrestrained generosity both of thought and action. Perfect politeness is perfect liberality. A liberal education, the liberal arts are identical with a polite education, the polite arts! And any decay in national politeness cannot fail to react to a most alarming degree upon the intellect and character of the civilised world at large. Brief reflection aided by the most superficial examination of the main facts in the history of man's development will amply suffice to show that literary and artistic decadence has ever been accompanied by a dulling of the instinct of liberality—the cheap church has taken the place of the cathedral built at an inestimable expense of labour and devotion, and similar mental and moral degeneracy has marked the invasion of the cheap house, the cheap book, the cheap *objet d'art*, the cheap everything. All truly artistic effort is a labour of love, and love never counts the cost. Art has no price, and makes none. A perfect act of politeness ever involves in one respect or another act of self-abnegation. There is the famous example of Lord Stair and Louis XIV., when his lordship, being bidden by the king to precede him into one of the royal carriages, immediately complied. The politeness was equal on both sides. The French sovereign gave proof of unrestrained liberality worthy of so magnanimous a monarch by abandoning his prerogative of precedence in his own dominions to the Scotch viscount. The English Ambassador returned the compliment by yielding immediate obedience to the behest of a king who was not his master. Neither sacrifice was outdone by the other. In another and even more typical instance the Duc de Richelieu, having called upon the English Ambassador, courteously *forbade* the latter to see him to his carriage. "I shall disobey your orders, monseigneur," was the Ambassador's reply. "In that case," said the Duc with a smile, "I shall imprison you," and, slipping through the door, he

deftly locked it behind him. But the English Ambassador was equal to the occasion. He leapt from the second-floor window of his apartment on to the stones below, and, though he broke his leg in so doing, he was bowing at the door when the Duc de Richelieu, delighted to have been so elegantly outwitted, entered his *carrosse*. It were wrong to laugh. That was the "grande manière."

The decay of politeness in France may be variously traced to the coarsening and levelling effects of obligatory military service, to the growth of democratic ideas, the spirit of rapacity which is masked under the word "égalité," to the absence of a Court, to political discontent, to financial embarrassment, to many causes, the analysis of which, however, possesses but little interest. That the French are not as polite and, concomitantly, not as cheerful as they were is obvious to even a week-end tripper. For within the memory of man quite the majority of the Parisians, even of the lower middle-class, were examples of civilised and pleasant courtesy to their social peers across the Channel. Did not Heinrich Heine say (who, however, was not an altogether reliable judge in such matters) that the ladies of the Paris Central Markets talked like duchesses? To-day the elaborate phraseology of the French colloquial tongue is giving place to slang, to snippety idioms borrowed from English, the idioms which English can best afford to lose, to sporting abbreviations. The very grammar is being slowly but surely uprooted. And with the stately old language is disappearing the environment which was appropriate to it. The *café où l'on cause* has yielded up its life to the noisy beerhouse. Art and literature are both deeply affected by the decay of manners in France. The vulgar automobile, whose inconsiderate movements are everywhere the epitome of bad manners, is acknowledged to be a chief cause of the poverty which has befallen both artists and men of letters. The devotees of the new sport have neither money to buy pictures nor time to read books.

ROWLAND STRONG.

## WILLIAM BARNES

WILLIAM BARNES published in 1868 a small volume of verse, containing some of his best work. The volume is called "Poems of Rural Life in Common English," for he had previously published poetry only in the Dorsetshire dialect. This poetry in dialect is so well known that it needs no word here; even in his life-time it was sufficiently appreciated to cause him to feel some misgiving in publishing the English poems; but it was surely his humility that bade him hesitate, for in these pages is to be found the poem called "The Mother's Dream," long ago garnered by Professor Palgrave into the "Golden Treasury." Is it too well known for quotation?

I'd a dream to-night  
As I fell asleep,  
O, the touching sight  
Makes me still to weep  
Of my little lad,  
Gone to leave me sad,  
Aye, the child I had,  
But was not to keep.

As in heaven high,  
I my child did seek,  
There, in train came by  
Children fair and meek,  
Each in lily white,  
With a lamp alight;  
Each was clear to sight,  
But they did not speak.

Then a little sad,  
Came my child in turn,  
But the lamp he had,  
O, it did not burn;



He, to clear my doubt,  
Said, half turned about,  
"Your tears put it out;  
Mother, never mourn."

And there are others here that have the same tenderness and directness, and these are perhaps not so well known. Take, for instance, the one called "Joy passing by." with its gentle opening, that tells of the sorrows and compensations of childhood, leading up so quietly to the profound sadness in the concluding lines:

When ice all melted to the sun,  
And left the wavy streams to run,  
We long'd, as summer came, to roll  
In river foam, o'er depth and shoal;  
And if we lost our loose-bow'd swing,  
We had a kite to pull our string;  
Or, if no ball  
Would rise or fall  
With us, another joy was nigh  
Before our joy all pass'd us by.

If leaves of trees, that wind stripp'd bare  
At morning, fly on evening air  
We still look on for summer boughs  
To shade again our sunburnt brows,  
Where orchard blooms' white scales may fall,  
May hang the apple's blushing ball.  
New hopes come on  
For old ones gone,  
As day on day may shine on high,  
Until our joys all pass us by.

My childhood yearn'd to reach the span  
Of boyhood's life, and be a man;  
And then I look'd, in manhood's pride,  
For manhood's sweetest choice, a bride;  
And then the lovely children come  
To make my home a dearer home  
But now my mind  
Can look behind  
For joy, and wonder, with a sigh,  
When all my joys have pass'd me by.

Was it when once I miss'd a call  
To rise, and thenceforth seem'd to fall,  
Or when my wife to my hands left  
Her few bright keys, a doleful heft,  
Or when before the door I stood  
To watch a child away for good,  
Or where some crowd  
In mirth was loud,  
Or where I saw a mourner sigh,  
Where did my joy all pass me by.

In a life full of research and occupation William Barnes rode one hobby; and this was the Anglicising of our Latinised English, Philology, which he called speech-lore. He wrote two books on this subject called "Redecraft" and "Speechcraft." In his preface to "Speechcraft" he announces it as "a small trial towards the upholding of our own strong old Anglo-Saxon speech and the ready teaching of it to purely English minds by their own tongue." He boldly puts away all derived or foreign words and substitutes words formed by himself from Saxon roots. He has a glossary of Latinised words with his own alternatives to face them.

Accelerate	.	.	.	.	to on-quicken.
Accent	.	.	.	.	word-strain.
Acoustics	.	.	.	.	sound-lore.
Aëronaut	.	.	.	.	air-farer.
Alienate	.	.	.	.	to un-friend.
Ancestor	.	.	.	.	fore-elder.
Aphorisms	.	.	.	.	thought-cullings.
Botany	.	.	.	.	wort-lore.
Democracy	.	.	.	.	folkdom.
Deteriorate	.	.	.	.	worsen.
Equilibrium	.	.	.	.	weight-evenness.
Equivalent	.	.	.	.	worth-evenness.
Foliate	.	.	.	.	to leafen.
Initial	.	.	.	.	word-head.

His daughter writes "speechcraft was one of William Barnes's favourite mind children" and she quotes a letter of his:

Our speech will go to wreck if the half learned writers from the press follow their own way. The *Athenæum* thinks I am an enthusiast but that my book will do good, as it teaches many overlooked (I say little-known) points of speech lore.

He loved the phrases of children; and it is easy to see why. For a child not knowing the accepted word, and seeking to express its meaning will often coin just such a definition as Barnes delighted in. As for instance when a child spoke of Honey as Bee-jam. He loved the Dorset characters and phrases of country life, the boy "who scrope out the 'p' in Psalm cos he didn't spell nothen."

But his research in languages was not only confined to the Teuton and the Saxon. He writes:

I have sought and feel sure I have found the cause of a phenomenon in Celtic speech, and find that the Professor of Celtic at Oxford has been at work at the same problem and reached the same outcome;

and in another letter in answer to some question, he wrote at length on the Runic characters and their peculiarly angular shape, suitable for cutting with a knife on the four-sided rods.

In 1869 he published a copy of "Early England and the Saxon English." In this he traces both Angles and Saxons from their earlier sources. He traces the landmarks of their first settlements which are now found in the form of dykes. The Roman and British Roads were his great study, and with the help of "The British Chroniclers" and his own philological studies in the names of places, he made a complete map of the great roads. He found (I quote again from the Life of W. Barnes by Leader Scott) that these were in ancient times the Ermyn Street and the Akerman Street, a road through dense forests, which led to the north-western haven whence ships departed for Ireland.

The chief fact proved by these studies of roads is that the Britons were road-makers before the Romans came, and that the Romans made use of roads already existing. Maiden Castle, three miles from Barnes's home at Came Rectory, he held was British work. "Its very name is Celtic," he would say, "*mai dun*, the stronghold by the plain, or with a plain top," and he would look at the wide expanse of green turf that crowns the summit of the earthwork.

I believe many dykes were made for peaceful jurisdiction [he writes] rather than for war walls; 'as we marked our borough boundaries, the good of which is we know without strife whether a law-breach outside or inside of it, is to be tried by the county or borough magistrate; so a wrong on the English side of Offa's dyke was under English law, and a wrong on the Welsh side was under Welsh law.

But we will return to his poems. He made a deep study of metre. The poem of Woak Hill is an instance of his peculiarly rhythmical style. The original of this metre is a Persian form called "The Pearl" because the rhymes form a string like beads upon a thread. The pearl, or series of assonance, lies in the second word in the last line of each stanza. And the poet, while observing a rule so binding, through a poem of ten stanzas succeeds in keeping the perfect ease in line and thought:

When sycamore trees were a-spreading  
Green-ruddy in hedges  
Beside the red dust of the ridges  
A-dried at Woak Hill.

I packed up my goods all a-shining  
With long years of handling  
On dusty red wheels of a waggon  
To ride at Woak Hill.

The brown thatchen roof of the dwelling  
I then were a-leaving  
Had sheltered the sleek head of Mary  
My bride at Woak Hill.

But now for some years her light footfall  
S' a-lost from the flooring  
Too soon for my joy and my children  
She died at Woak Hill.

But still I do think that in soul  
She do hover about us  
To ho' for her motherless children  
Her pride at Woak Hill.

So lest she should tell me hereafter  
I stole off 'thout her  
And left her un-called at house-ridden  
To bide at Woak Hill :

I call'd her so fondly, with lippens  
All soundless to others  
And took her with air-reaching hand  
To my side at Woak Hill.

On the road I did look round, a-talking  
To light at my shoulder  
And then led her in at the doorway  
Miles wide from Woak Hill

And that's why folk thought, for a season  
My mind were a-wand'ring  
With sorrow, when I were so sorely  
A-ried at Woak Hill.

But no ; that my Mary mid never  
Behold herself slighted  
I wanted to think that I guided  
My guide from Woak Hill.]

Another Persian metre used by him was "The Ghazal." This has a rhyme followed by the same word recurring at the end of each stanza. "The Ghazal" is a couplet instead of a four-lined metre.

Our summer way to Church did wind about  
The cliff where ivy on the ledge was green

Our Summer way to town did skirt the wood  
Where shining leaves, in tree and hedge, were green

Our Summer way to milking in the mead  
Was on by brooks whose flutt'ring sedge was green

Our homeward ways all gathered into one  
Where moss upon the roofstone's edge was green.

There are poems in this little volume which hold, if the whole poem be not of his best, lines of beauty and imagery that could be written by him alone. Such lines as these :

And there the moon, at morning break,  
Though yet unset, was gleaming weak,  
And fresh'ning air began to pass,  
All voiceless, over darksome grass,  
Before the sun  
Had yet begun  
To dazzle down the morning moon.

By poplar trees that stand as slim  
'S a feather, by the stream's green brim ;  
And down about the mill that stood  
Half darkened off below the wood,  
The rambling brook,  
From nook to nook,  
Flow'd on beneath the morning moon.

Or, again, such lines as these, excellently descriptive :

The ox with sleek hide and with low swimming head  
The sheep, little-kneed, with a quick dipping nod ;

Sheep have never been so truly painted before.

And listen to this poem called "The Wind at the Door" :

As daylight darkened on the dewless grass  
There still, with no one come by me,  
To stay awhile at home by me,  
Within the house, now dumb by me,  
I sat me still, as evening-tide did pass,

And there a wind-blast shook the rattling door,  
And seem'd, as wind did moan without,  
As if my love alone without,  
And standing on the stone without,  
Had there come back, with happiness once more

I went to door, and out from trees, above  
My head, upon the blast by me  
Sweet blossoms there were cast by me,  
As if my love had pass'd by me,  
And flung them down, a token of her love.

Sweet blossoms of the tree where now I mourn,  
I thought, if you did blow for her,  
For apples that should grow for her,  
And fall red-ripe below for her,  
O, then how happy I should see you kern.

But no. Too soon my fond illusion broke,  
No comely soul in white like her,  
No fair one tripping light like her,  
No wife of comely height like her,  
Went by, but all my grief again awoke.

What of such lines as these ?

By winding ways on wand'ring wide,  
Or wilder waste, or wind-blown wood.

Or, again :

By dipping Downs at dawn of day,  
Or dewy dells when daylight dies.

These are very beautiful ; and they are typical of Barnes, for they are pictures as well as word-sounds. They have the wind and the sunlight in them and the warm breath of nights in June.

By morning meads, or midday mound,  
Or mellow midnight's mounted moon.

But the last stanza in this poem that has these alliterative couplets must be given in full, just because it is so pretty and amusing :

And when my work has brought me all  
Its earnings day by day  
And I have paid each man his call  
On me, for lawful pay ;  
I still can spare enough to grant  
My wife a jaunt, with weather fair  
Or buy my boy a taking toy,  
Or make a doll my daughter's joy.  
With limber limbs all lopping loose  
Or leaning low in little laps.

There are isolated lines of his that remain in one's memory :

The clover-whitened knap.

The mother-holden child.

The bird's thin cries, by tangled boughs.

And this of twilight :

—Where evening smoke rose grey  
While dells began to miss the light of day.

"I write pictures which I see in my mind," he said. And reading his lines we see these pictures too. It is well if we care for Barnes's poems, "deep whispering fountains of the wells of thought."

And in the story of this sheltered life, a life so impressed by quietness and beauty, changed and overshadowed though it was by one great grief, we realise anew that Nature never does betray the heart that loves her.

PAMELA TENNANT.

## REVERENCE

It was a profound idea of the Greeks to give to every element its particular genius and of the alchemists to speak of the principles of matter. Everything animate or inanimate even to the ground we tread upon has the virtues and the defects of its qualities, and it is perhaps worth while remembering that it is our peculiar privilege to fulfil the hidden powers of these our humbler brothers of clay and stone. Art is the joyful recognition of this privilege and more particularly any form of art in which the actual material plays an obvious part in the finished work ; as, for example, in the art of sculpture. Inferior work in sculpture generally means that the artist has approached his material in a missionary spirit ; has tried to convert one substance to the uses of another, has put upon marble the responsibilities of bronze or pretended to discover in clay the tendencies of a fluid. He has in some way violated the instincts of the material ; he has failed of reverence for its nature. The story of the boy Canova coming to the rescue of the Falieri's cook with the image of a lion done in butter goes a long way to



explain and condemn Canova's work in marble. It is of course possible to abuse marble to imitate lace as it is possible to teach a dog to stand on its hind legs and shoulder arms, or a pig to pick out the letters of the alphabet, but the one process is no more art than the other is education. There is a danger in attaching too much importance to derivations, but it is worth while for the hundredth time thinking about the real meaning of the word education. As in ourselves, so in every inanimate substance, there are higher possibilities than are apparent at first sight. Latent in ivory, lurking in bronze, sleeping in stone, there is a hidden soul waiting release, as Ariel suffered in the pine waiting the wand of Prospero. The legend of the Sleeping Beauty is true of everything created, and as a woman's nature waits upon the kiss of her lover there are properties of marble only discovered by the chisel.

The artist adds nothing to the material that was not implicitly there already; he merely makes the most of its qualities of whiteness or hardness or smoothness or plasticity. For the problem of sculpture is not to illustrate such and such an idea with marble or bronze, but to conceive an idea in terms of marble or bronze; to state an impression in the language and idiom of the chosen material. Perfect expression is only reached through sympathy with the material and therefore it is not surprising that the greatest sculptors have approached their art by way of the mason's yard, and have not out of a general culture arbitrarily turned to the handling of marble.

In the earlier Greek sculptures it is as if the artist were actually oppressed by his reverence for the material, so that fearful of outraging its nature he says always less than he might. Sex and action are merely hinted at, but those placid limbs and serene faces are not inexpressive from want of skill. With growing confidence in the generosity of materials, the Greeks produced their noblest works and then, from whatever moral causes, they lost reverence; and the decadence of Greek sculpture began when artists forgot or insolently ignored that they were dealing with marble. Even their legends contain indications of this transgression: when Galatea was warmed into living woman ivory was violated.

Fortunately, in spite of much that is evil, much that is mistaken in the art of to-day, there does appear to be a growing sense of the dignity, the inalienable rights of materials—even of words. It has been said that the future development of poetry will be not in a more striking use of poetic images nor in the invention of new and exquisite rhythms, but in a more considered use of words themselves, not in their dictionary meanings but for their intrinsic properties; and it seems to me that any advance in the plastic and pictorial arts will be obtained by the more sensitive recognition and use of the absolute qualities of paint and clay and bronze and marble. Every work of art is a collaboration between the genius of the artist and the genius of the material, and I am beginning to believe that the final test of greatness is that the artist shall apparently renounce something of his technical dexterity so that the material has the last word. Apparently, because not to do so is the hardest thing of all and needs an extremity of skill.

For this reason, of all the works of Rodin I am inclined to take that head in the Luxembourg called "La Pensée" as the one most peculiarly significant of his genius as a sculptor. By leaving the head chin-deep in rough-hewn marble he has, whether consciously or not, symbolised the whole art of sculpture, which is a setting-free of something already latent in the block. It is as if he has discovered the secret meaning of all marble. Merely as the study of a woman's head the work has a poignant beauty. It is the head of a woman no longer very young in the terms of human life; she is as young and as old as the world was when marble was made. Her lips, one might say, have been kissed, have cried out with the pain of child-bearing, have laughed and sung and at last have

found the better part in silence. Not without meaning is she hooded like a nun and her eyes that have seen so many things have returned to the inner vision; and regretfully, as if they had been fatal to brothers, look down upon the marble which she is. For with all this pathetic human significance marble has the last word. If marble has a soul it is surely something like her; she is a white thought, the white thought of marble itself.

CHARLES MARRIOTT.

## "HABERDASHER"

THE word *haberdasher* still awaits explanation. The latest account is that in the New English Dictionary, where it is connected with "the Anglo-French *hapertas*, of unknown origin, perhaps the name of a fabric, which occurs in an Anglo-French customs list of imported peltry, furs and fabrics, where a parallel and nearly contemporary list has *haberdassherie*." The Anglo-French *hapertas* occurs, in fact, in the Liber Albus, at p. 225, and *haberdassherie* in the same, at p. 231.

The question, then, is this: what is meant by *hapertas*? And this is really a double question, viz., what is *haber* and what is *tas*? For the word is probably a compound.

The form *haber* has been questioned, because elsewhere it is *haber*. But I hold that it is quite right and affords the clue; the spellings *haber* and *haber* being alternative. As to *haber*, it occurs again in *haberjet*, also the name of a fabric; and in the more familiar *habergeon*. The last of these is a known form, viz., the diminutive of *hauberk*. And *hauberk* is the Old French *hauberc*, which Murray rightly derives from "the Old High German *halsberg* or *halsperc*." Just so; the form *halsberg* gives *haber*-, and the form *halsperc* gives *haber*-. The *p* is due to the High German *p*, as seen in the Old High German *perkan*, to defend, which in most German dialects was *bergan*. Hence it is all quite right; *haber*- is a legitimate occasional variant of the more usual *haber*-.

Next, as to the sense: *hals-perc* is "neck-defence," and so was the name for the *hauberk*, originally meant to protect the neck and shoulders, but afterwards applied to denote the whole coat of mail. *Habergeon* was "a little coat of mail," at first applied to a small and light *hauberk*, but afterwards used in almost the same sense. The form is that of the Old French *haubergeon*, *habergeon*, formed from the Old French *hauberc* by adding a diminutive suffix.

We now pass on to *hauberjet*, *haberjet*, "a kind of cloth named in Magna Charta and in some ancient records." All that we are told is that it is spelt *haubergetum* in mediæval Latin, and is "apparently related to *hauberk* and *habergeon*."

But it is also spelt *haubergettum*; see Fleta, ed. Selden, 1647, lib. i. c. 24, § 12, p. 36. And Riley, in his edition of Liber Albus, iii. 326, says [rightly, as I think] that "*hapertas* is perhaps the same as *halberject* and *hauberject*, the uniform breadth of which is enacted by c. 34 of the Magna Charta of John, c. 23 of the first Magna Charta of Henry III., and c. 25 of the first Magna Charta of Edward I." Next, in Richard Thomson's Essay on Magna Charta, 1829, p. 217, we find it said of *halberject* [it misprinted for *it* as usual] that it "was a kind of very coarse and thick mixed English cloth of various colours, sometimes used for the habits of monks."

This Latin *haubergettum* represents an Old French *hauberg-et*, with the commonest of diminutive suffixes; so that the literal sense is "small *hauberk*." But it was not made of mail at all, but of cloth. What are we to understand by this?

Surely it is easy; it must refer to the under-*hauberk* or doublet. Let Chaucer speak to us from his famous Prologue: "Of fustian he wered a gipoun," etc., i.e., he wore a jupon or doublet of fustian, all besmattered with

the marks made by the habergeon that had been worn above it. I suppose that *hauberjet* or *haberjet* was merely the older name of *justian*, a word which first appeared at the surprisingly early date of 1200, and supplanted the older *haberjet*; and that is why we hear of it no more.

And now, what is *hapertas*? It is merely another derivative of *hauberk*, and at first signified a fabric which could be used, like *haberjet*, beneath the mail. Thomson says of the latter that it was "very coarse and thick," and it had need to be, if it had to be used for a doublet beneath armour, or for the durable dress of a monk. And, as shown above, you may alter it to *habertas* if you like.

What is *tas*? This is the hardest point; but I guess it to be the original of *tasset*, the name of a plate of armour used to piece out a hauberk. Cotgrave explains *tassette* as "(1) a little cup [a totally different word], and (2) the skirt of a garment and the *tasse* of an armour." The later *tasset* was made with several movable plates; but "at first in one piece (tuile-shaped)"; see A. Demmin, "History of Arms," English version, p. 228. Compare the Bavarian *taschen*, a flat tile, in Schmeller.

As for *hapertas*, I guess it to be a "hauberk-tass," i.e., addition to a hauberk, but here applied, not to the coat of mail, but to the doublet; or, strictly speaking, to the skirt of the doublet whereon the chief stress came, owing to the chafing of the coat of mail's lower edge. It was then naturally applied to the fabric used for it, which would of course be of a very strong and coarse texture, or a *haberjet* of the best quality. Like *haberjet*, it seems to have been supplanted by *justian*, except in so far as it was referred to the dealer in *habertas*. From *habertas* was formed *haberdasserie*; it is quite a natural variation (cf. Verner's law); at any rate, we have evidence of the change from *t* to *d*. The *sh* for *ss* is quite regular, just as in the English *flourishing* for the French *fleurissant* and the like; or in the English *bushel* for the Norman *bussel*. And from *haberdasherie* we get *haberdasher* at once.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

### TINCTURE OF BLOOD ROYAL \*

It is an old story, this persuading of Mæcenas that he is sprung from ancient kings, and the tale is told with greater insistence now that the names of Mæcenas, patron of the popular genealogist, are Legion and Subscriber.

A long generation has passed since Sir Bernard Burke, the father of modern pedigree-making in England, showed many nobles and gentles to their wondering delight how through a grandmother's great grandam a zig-zag pedigree might be traced for them to princely Lionels and Edwards, not to speak of more breathless clammers towards Charlemagne or Hugh the White.

But a few such experiments contented Sir Bernard. An industrious and enthusiastic compiler of the old school—indeed he was the old school—his quick Dublin wit soon saw that this "Royal Lineage" was a honour which Nokes and Stiles in the village might share with the squire. Others, however, followed through his gap and the "Royal Lineage" is still a most marketable commodity, a pedigree-maker's ware which can be furbished up for any customer whose two parents were not foundlings.

For this "Royal Lineage" has not the narrow meaning which would confine it to members of a royal house. The duke parts it with the mobman. English society, knowing nothing, now or at any earlier time, of a sharp line between gentle and simple, of *hoffähigkeit*, of *seize*

*quartiers* or of noble castes, has always been in a state of flux. Cloth of frieze has often patched cloth of gold, and high kinship that brought with it neither money nor manors was lightly held. The London barber's family whom a memorandum before us shows as second cousins to King Edward VI. were probably but modestly elated with a fact that could attract no custom to their striped pole.

If we be not the band of brothers that Harry of Monmouth would have us, at least we are a nation of cousins. There can hardly be a man jack of us all without a drop of the blood of the fierce house of Anjou, and since Gurth the swineherd settled down on his hide of free land in Walsingham to rear a brood of little Gurths, doubtless his blood too runs in the beings of our proudest barons. But King John's strain flows the wider, for intermarriage of great folk took that up and down the country.

In the Marquis de Ruvigny et de Raineval the discoverer of Royal Lineage has a wholesale competitor. Not content with tracing the royal lineage of carefully selected county families he sets himself to follow all the lives which run from Edward III. With some judgment he has chosen the common royal ancestor for his clients. A descendant of Edward III. cannot be said to be more notably royal in his origin than one whose descent comes from Edward I., but no pedigree of the latter sovereign's million descendants could pretend to be final. M. de Ruvigny persuades himself that the third Edward's issue can be marshalled within the limits of a row of large volumes and can even affect a pretty air of a select caste, difficult to maintain even in the face of M. de Ruvigny's very untrustworthy estimate that they number a mere sixty thousand.

The service to the historian or genealogist that such books can do is naught. The "royal lineage" book is a toy and a trumpery toy which can but appeal to the most uninstructed imagination. If we can truthfully tell Mr. Smith of Tooting, that he comes from a Smith who drew a good bow at Agincourt, from Smiths who were notable citizens or manor lords, old Smiths whose monuments he may find in brass or marble in some far parish church, the news may hearten him in his day's work, and give him no unwholesome desire to push forward like a man for the sake of his little Smiths whose ancestry is thus illustrated. But if we make him subscribe for a work which shows that he can claim a sixty-thousandth in a king we minister to his idlest snobbery and to the ignorance that keeps him from recognising that this royal lineage must logically be balanced by his descent from the rabble of ancient gutters and the serfdom of old villages. The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries gave all of us who do not come from the marriage of cousins eight great-grand parents, but arithmetic will prove that our thirteenth and fourteenth century ancestors are the crowd—court and mob.

M. de Ruvigny's preface to his "Plantagenet Roll—(Anne of Exeter volume)" gives his own view of the matter. At the outset his use of the word Plantagenet sticks in our teeth, for M. de Ruvigny shows that he is with those novelists and others who believe that the name Plantagenet was the commonly used and recognised surname of our old royal house. "The Plantagenet roll of the Blood Royal, being a complete Table of all the descendants now living of Edward III., King of England" is the book's full title. Letting Plantagenet pass we are stopped again by the absurdity of describing these "60,000" somebodies and nobodies as a roll of the "Blood Royal," a phrase which even in the royal house is nowadays denied to princes whose relationship to the King is more remote than that of a first cousin. A glance through M. de Ruvigny's pages shows the latter point of the title—the essence of the book though it be—for a most reckless mis-statement.

To essay a genuinely "complete table" of the living descendants of Edward III. would tax the skill and best energies of all the trained archivists and genealogists

\* The Plantagenet roll of the Blood Royal, being a complete table of all the descendants now living of Edward III., King of England, by the Marquis of Ruvigny and Raineval. (The Anne of Exeter volume, Jack.)



in England for years to come, and in no case would they vouch for their work's completeness.

Needless to say that M. de Ruvigny, who cites no documents, an antiquary who in his second page shows that he cannot blazon the very arms of his "Plantagenets" without error, has failed hopelessly in his single-handed task.

Where ordinary peerages and well-known works of reference can help him he has copied his pedigrees carefully if uncritically, and the checking of the long list of modern names and addresses must have cost many months of industry. But his range of printed books has been limited and we have not observed any trace of original research amongst records properly so-called.

As a natural consequence of this limitation, M. de Ruvigny feels able to assure his subscribers that "with one or two trifling exceptions among the descendants of Edward IV., none of Duke Richard's descendants will be found in the lower walks of life." If M. de Ruvigny had written that the issue of cadets of great families cannot as a rule be traced by reference to the nearest bookshelf, he would be nearer the fact.

There is probably not an antiquary with a taste for genealogy who could not add out of hand names in scores and hundreds to this "complete list" so lamentably incomplete.

The table of those who have their thin stream of "blood royal" through Lady Frances Manners, wife of the sixth Lord Abergavenny, may be taken as an example of the insufficiency and inaccuracies of this pretentious book. Amongst the children of the first Earl of Westmorland we find George Fane without any issue assigned to him. Yet he was ancestor of the Viscounts Fane and the existing Earls of Sandwich and Counts de Salis. On a later page M. de Ruvigny incorrectly derives these viscounts from George Fane's brother, Sir Francis, through a son, "Sir Henry Fane, K.B., and Elizabeth Sapcott his wife." There was, indeed, a Sir Henry Fane, K.B., but his wife's name was not Elizabeth Sapcott, nor was he a son of Sir Francis Fane. Likewise, Robert Fane, youngest son of the same Earl of Westmorland, had many descendants unknown to M. de Ruvigny, amongst whom are the Webber-Incledons and other west country families.

We do not need to go beyond this single generation of brothers of a well-known house for a third and final example of M. de Ruvigny's insufficiencies. William Fane, yet another son of the same earl, is here as having married a wife, but M. de Ruvigny does not know that he had any issue. Would it surprise M. de Ruvigny to know that he was twice married, and that he had issue thirteen children, whose living descendants, an unnumbered multitude, include not only a plenty of those humble folk not shown in M. de Ruvigny's peerages, but also the not undistinguished family of Lord Halsbury, the late Lord Chancellor of England.

Thus without rising to consult a single work, without referring to a record, we have easily overset M. de Ruvigny's preposterous tale of a "complete list" of the living descendants of King Edward III. The most superficial study of English archives would have kept him from making it.

As a last word we re-assert against M. de Ruvigny that his work is in no sense the complete list it purports to be, and that the claim to "blood royal" of those who figure in it may be shared by the humblest of their neighbours. The antiquary can be pardoned who, as a genealogical exercise, sets himself the not very difficult puzzle of tracing his descent from a King of England, but to publish the result is an old-fashioned folly. To collect and print an inaccurate list of sixty thousand such descents is an aimless task which rouses in us the sort of pity we feel for the man who has built a model of Salisbury Cathedral out of sixty thousand champagne corks.

OSWALD BARRON.

## FICTION

*The House of Defence.* By E. F. BENSON. (Heinemann, 6s.)

WE wish the author of "Dodo" would forget that he is the son of an archbishop and not try to be serious. He has a very pleasant little gift of nonsense, and good nonsense is rare in this world of puritans and parish councillors. There is a dash of it in the book before us; charming Lady Thurso talks nonsense before she becomes involved with a lay-figure of a foreign nobleman; so does Lady Maud Raynham before she becomes involved with the "Christian Science" hero, Bertie Cochrane; while the character and conversation of Alice Yardly, a specimen of "Christian Scientists" at their flabbiest, are good nonsense all through. If Mr. Benson had kept the Christian Science at its flabbiest we should have had an amusing book; he has chosen to try and show it at its firmest, and is so busy fighting against the suggestion that his Christian Science hero is a prig that he has no leisure to make him a man. And all to no purpose, so far as the art of fiction is concerned, does he treat the subject in deadly earnest. The story is not exciting and only rarely amusing; the characters are not alive; the whole effect is of a story concocted with but moderate skill to lead up to a "great scene." And the great scene, when it comes, is not convincing. Mr. Benson says he saw it with his own eyes—the characters, of course, being different. He saw a Christian Scientist cure a victim of the laudanum habit by drinking a large dose of the poison without suffering the least harm from it. And Bertie Cochrane, after all the doctors have failed to break Thurso of the habit, finally breaks him of it in that manner. But how? By Christian Science? Or by the mere shock—often a wonderfully efficacious thing in mental cases? That is just the question. It remains unanswered; and so we miss both a good novel and a convincing exposition of the powers of Christian Science. When Mr. Benson tries to be earnest he merely succeeds in being respectable. He means well.

*The Queen of a Day.* By J. S. FLETCHER. (Unwin, 6s.)

ANOTHER fictitious little kingdom! Its name is Montalba! The name is the freshest thing about it: for otherwise there is hardly a new variation on the old theme, and the theme is one which has grown old as such themes do, with incredible swiftness. It is a pity that Mr. Fletcher whose "Grand Relations" was a capital comedy of Yorkshire life should have sunk to such an imitative level. He tries to tell his story with vigour, but the effort is too much for him: his people remain wooden puppets who go through stock movements with stiff joints. There is one gleam of vivacity in the little surprise which is kept for the end and which shows Mr. Fletcher's fertility of invention, but which does not save the book from being a disappointment. We beg Mr. Fletcher to return to his Yorkshire men and moors, and to leave these dreary little kingdoms for others to exploit.

*And the Moor gave up its Dead.* By ERIC HARRISON. (Greening, 6s.)

APART from its title—which has little or nothing to do with the book—there is no suggestion of murder and sudden death in this novel. It is, we should surmise, a first book, and it has many faults, most of which might have been remedied by an intelligent publisher's reader. They are faults due mainly, if not entirely, to inexperience and they are counterbalanced by a love and understanding of nature which are rarely found in modern fiction, and are proportionately valuable. The author is too fond of "sermonising." He strips the clothing off a score of bad small boys, as it were, and whips them mercilessly in public. We believe that a few quiet words, spoken in the privacy of an emptied class-room, would be more efficacious. Mr. Harrison, however, will learn as he ages.

It is a little difficult to accept his "visions"—which, by the way, were not essential—but his style is good, he has an eye for character, and when he writes of subjects in which he is interested—of fishing and poaching and open-air life—he carries the reader with him. His book is entertaining; we expect that his next will be very much better and we shall look forward to it.

*Doctor Pons.* By PAUL GWYNNE. (Constable, 6s.)

MR. PAUL GWYNNE is a clever writer who will one day startle the people who delight to croak about decadence. He has not yet given us the best of which he is capable. "Marta" contained some of the best sketches—and they were something more than mere sketches—of Spanish life and character that it has been our good fortune to meet; "The Bandolero" and "The Pagan at the Shrine" were almost equally good; "Doctor Pons" is, in some respects, better. Mr. Gwynne has insight, humour, power, a fine discrimination, a knowledge of phases of life which remain a sealed book to the many, and, above all, sympathy and a vivid style. And yet we are convinced that his book has yet to be written: we feel that he has not done himself full justice here or in any novel he has published hitherto. The fault we have to find with the book before us is not one that could be urged against his previous work: that there is too little action in parts and that the "linked sweetness" is a shade too long drawn out. On the other hand, the character-drawing is clear, incisive and convincing, the story well told and in its details original, and the *dénouement* clever and dramatic. It is difficult, indeed, once the book is picked up, to lay it down. Perhaps its greatest merit lies in the fact that Mr. Gwynne has not set up any graven image. He shows us men and women as they are: here a virtue, there a vice. Consuelo and her sister, little Doctor Pons, Barclay and Alvarado live, and the pictures of Mexican life are charming. "Doctor Pons" is decidedly a book to read. As to that other novel of Mr. Gwynne's—we shall not watch for it alone.

*The Vigil.* By HAROLD BEGBIE. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)

WHEN we began this novel we found that the two leading characters were an heiress who goes slumming in sables and a clergyman who lived in a room that the author considers proclaimed his character as clearly as the titles of the books on the two white shelves which ran round three of the walls. We cannot say anything about the books because we are not told their titles, but Mr. Begbie gives us a careful inventory of the furniture and we do not believe for one moment that it was ever collected by a man with a high absorbing mission to his fellow men's souls. The proper inhabitant of that room was a siren or a dilettante; a woman who knows the value of a beautiful background or a man whose tastes are either genuinely or fashionably fastidious. Men like Rodwell no more care for kidney-shaped tables and tortoiseshell clocks than Hotspur cared for the pouncet-box: and when they raise and comfort sinners they do it by the force of their own great personalities and not by their *bric-à-brac*. We are not forgetting that Rodwell fails to comfort a sinner at a crisis and has to go for help to the old Wesleyan minister Simon Eyre: nor that at the very end of the story "he was dragged away from the benign atmosphere of refinement and culture." We only mean that there is a little too much about "the courts of culture" in the picture of a man we are asked to revere and admire. "Culture" is a spoilt word to-day. However, the heiress and the clergyman are the centres of a fluent entertaining story. They go to a little Cornish town that is curiously inhabited by vicious Londoners, a strong man from the Brontë country, some amiable persons out of Dickens, a melodramatic Spaniard and one Cornish countrywoman who is true to life and such pleasant company that we wish there were more of her. Mr. Begbie believes that the world is a wicked one and that few men live as they should in the fear of the Lord.

He is very much in earnest and he makes his appeal with eloquence but not as it seems to us with great success. His illiterate agnostic for instance who claims to derive from "Hackel and Heagle" is farcical and can never be taken as representative of the class.

*The Invader.* By MARGARET L. WOODS. (Heinemann, 6s.)

IT required a Robert Louis Stevenson to write Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde and it will take a finer artist than Miss Woods to do full justice to such a theme as that of "The Invader." The success of a tale of this description depends largely on the skill with which the plot is constructed but more on the capacity of the author to achieve a really subtle character-study. Miss Woods gives us something of a magic-lantern entertainment in which, like a bland showman, she casts first the portrait of a gentle submissive soul upon the screen, then whisks it suddenly away and flashes its exact antithesis upon us. As the little weatherwise figures in a Swiss toy pop out and scan the horizon, the disembodied souls of Miss Wood's unhappy heroines succeed each other in the possession of Mildred Stewart's body. They take it in turns with the utmost dignity and decorum, until the jealousy of Number One prompts her to put an end to herself and thus frustrate the machinations of Number Two. Their characters are drawn consistently if heavily; Mildred is always an unscrupulous, gay coquette, Milly (note the subtle distinction of names) always the dull, conscientious wife. The tale is neatly arranged and carefully carried out, and it is a pity that a certain inability to rouse the sympathy and interest of the reader should make a dull book of what might be, at worst, an ingenious one.

*Margery Manesty.* By OSWALD WILDBRIDGE. (Ward, Lock, 6s.)

WE have to thank Mr. Wildridge for a good healthy tale, dealing with men who are at least men, and not the neurotic dyspeptics dear to the heart of the modern novelist. His bluff old sea-dogs are survivals of a better day when men really "went down to the sea in ships," and fought the elements in the open, face to face, on decks slippery with brine, and knew nothing of the life men lead stifling among clanking engines, waging grim battle with an invisible foe. In Jacob Graham we have too short a glimpse of a fine type, and his friend "Cap'n Dan" is a very lovable character. Even the unpleasant portions of the book are singularly free from any morbid taint; the villain is the thorough-going, whole-hearted villain of melodrama, and his repentance is as sincere as it is sudden. The women in the story (there are but three) owe their charm to a straightforward honesty and true-hearted loyalty which is indeed refreshing, and it is this breezy, open-air element which saves the book from mediocrity and makes a fresh, entertaining story of what would otherwise have been a very ordinary tale.

*His Neighbour's Landmark.* By "ALIEN." (Digby, Long, 6s.)

"ALIEN" has added another quiet and unremarkable but pleasant novel to a steadily growing list of quiet and unremarkable but pleasant books. As in other novels by the same author the scene is laid in New Zealand and the atmosphere is healthy and bracing. The plot and the majority of the incidents have done duty before, but the characters are sympathetically drawn and there is a certain individuality in them all. Paul, the "Remittance" man, is the least satisfactory; his renunciation in the one crisis in his life of voluntary exile does not ring true, and his attitude on his meeting with Marah in London is even less convincing. "Ben" and Marah, on the other hand, are faithful portraits which many Colonials will recognise. Here and there there is a suggestion that "Alien" has the ability to do more original and more powerful work, but there is a quiet charm about the descriptions of New Zealand life and the slow, sure movement of the story which we would not willingly miss. We recommend the book to any one seeking companionship in a hammock on a summer afternoon.



## CORRESPONDENCE

## "IN NECESSARIIS UNITAS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I believe that the best form of the quotation, the origin of which is sought by your correspondent, is as follows:

"In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus autem caritas."

In a tract by a German writer named Rupertus Meldenius we find the following words:

"Si nos servavimus in necessariis unitatem, in non necessariis libertatem, in utrisque charitatem, optimo carae loco essent ras nostrae."

The date of this work was about 1625. Nothing else is known of Rupertus Meldenius. Some think that he is identical with Gregorius Francus (1585-1651), as the very same words I have quoted from Meldenius occur in a tract written by Francus in the year 1628.

A. L. MAYHEW.

[We have also received replies to the same effect from C. B. Roylance Kent, "G. S.," Walter T. Browne, and "A.B."—Ed.]

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The words about which Mr. G. Darlow inquires on p. 493 of THE ACADEMY are generally attributed to Saint Vincent of Lerins, near Cannes.

E. S. DODGSON.

May 17.

## LES MAÎTRES D'AUTREFOIS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Allow me to endorse the evidence of F. H. L. in regard to the unique qualities and value of Fromentin's "Les Maîtres d'autrefois." It is really amazing that publishers should give us volume after volume of trash in the shape of eighteenth-century Memoirs or Letters of French persons of both sexes that might well be left in obscurity and are too little instructed, or judiciously advised, to neglect such a book as Fromentin's.

Has F. H. L. tried Heinemann?

Failing ordinary methods could he not try publishing by subscription. I would willingly subscribe.

A. M. POWELL.

## "THE ART OF LIVING"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It may sound ungrateful for an author to find any fault with such a favourable appreciation of her latest work as you printed in your issue of April 20. However, in justice to myself, I should like to excuse my use of the title *Charles the Bold*, when in the text I refer to *Charles le téméraire*.

An American student finds in the "Century Dictionary of Names" the son of Philip the Good called Charles (the Bold), the "Encyclopædia Britannica" calls him Charles the Bold, as also does Chambers's "Cyclopædia." Sir Walter Scott also sins in the same company. There are others.

ESTHER SINGLETON.

New York, May 6.

## TWO QUEENS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have two questions to which I seek answers, and shall be grateful if you will allow me to put them in your paper.

(1) In the fourteenth century Portugal sent to England, among other exports, a wine called "osey." What sort of wine was "osey," and what is the derivation of the name?

(2) A seal of Gérard de Saint Amand (1199) bears the inscription: SECRETUM MEUM MICI. I understand that in mediæval days MICI was commonly written MICH. Why? And was MICI a recognised variant form, or is it so written here by mistake?

W. H. M.

May 20.

## A GREAT ELIZABETHAN POET

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It seems almost ungracious to append a footnote to A. D.'s charming paper upon Richard Barnfield; but the latter is not one of that illustrious company which includes Shelley, Landor, Mr. Swinburne, and the poet who wrote:

"Tell me not of Philosophies  
Of morals, ethics, laws of life;  
Give me no subtle theories,  
No instruments of wordy strife.  
I will not forge laborious chains  
Link after link, till seven times seven,  
I need no ponderous iron cranes  
To haul my soul from earth to heaven."

Barnfield certainly took his B.A. degree on February 8, 1592. Moreover, there exists a "record that he actually came into direct conflict with the powers that were in his time:" for, according to an old register of B. N. C., Barnfield was permitted on March 19, 1591, to return to College on condition of delivering a declamation publicly in the hall within six weeks, or of paying in default 6s. 8d. (v. D. N. B. III. 263).

Accomplished critics frequently differ in their estimate of what is, or is not, fine poetry; and it is curious to find Mr. A. H. Bullen writing of "Hellens Rape" as follows: "a copy of 'English Hexameters' so atrociously bad that one wonders whether it was written to bring contempt on the metre which Gabriel Harvey and others were vainly striving to popularise."

Barnfield is responsible for a fine epitaph on Hawkins:

"The Waters were his Winding sheete, the Sea was made his  
Toome;  
Yet for his fame the Ocean Sea was not sufficient roome."

A. R. BAYLEY.

May 20.

## A HUMAN DOCUMENT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In view of the approaching visit to London of the Irish Players from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, when it is to be hoped we may see a performance of Mr. J. M. Synge's *The Playboy of the Western World* as well as of Mr. Yeats's poetic plays, I venture to call your attention to the following human document, recently clipped from a Sunday newspaper.

A Derry girl complained to the magistrates that a young man was persecuting and threatening her; and a letter which she wrote in protest was read in court:

"I am informed that you have made a song on me, interfering with my features, and now I am going to take steps of the law against you; and there was another young man told me last night that he heard you at the song at the end of the road. I know I am envied for my shape and my features, and I have the paint that God sent to the world with me, and if you were minding your soul instead of the devil's service it would fit you better, for I regard neither you nor one that walks the road. If every one would look as far before them as they do behind, they will see plenty."

This, with its picturesque phraseology, naïveté, and rhythm, might well be an excerpt from one of Mr. Synge's plays. Being, however, an actual letter written by a peasant girl in modern Ireland, it helps us to realise that Mr. Synge and his fellow dramatists reproduce rather than invent.

FRANK SIDGWICK.

May 21.

## "SHAKESPEAREAN" OR "SHAKESPEARIAN"?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A fashion has come in lately of writing "Shakespearean." Why? We do not write "Gladstonean." We do write "Jacobean," and the result is that most people accentuate this word on the third syllable instead of on the second. For there is a natural tendency to expect a long *e* in such words, and to throw the accent on it. Hitherto we have spoken of "the Popian couplet"; if we take to printing this "Popean," I feel sure it will soon be pronounced "Popéan."

This tendency is sufficiently marked in words like "Européan" (which some Americans pronounce "Európián"), "Hyperboréan" (yet we say "Bóreal"), "Epicuréan," "emptyréan," etc. Of course there are exceptions, as always in English. "Cerulean" retains the short *e*, as does "subterranean"; but these are departures from the usual rule. Any

one confronted with such words as "adamantean," "Tartarean," "Pygmean," may pardonably feel some doubt about their pronunciation, and the spelling will suggest accentuating the *e*; had these words been written with *ian* the suggestion would have been otherwise.

I submit, therefore, that if we wish to maintain the present pronunciation of the word in question we should write it as our fathers did—"Shakespearian." The new spelling is probably due to some one ignorant of the reason why *e* should here become *i*; and when once such a new spelling becomes fashionable people rush to adopt it. We look to literary journals to keep us right in such matters, and I hope you will instruct your printers to set a good example.

A strong instance of accented *e* is supplied by Shelley's line in a chorus of "Hellas":

"A power from the unknown God,  
A Promethean conqueror came."

Here it is necessary to make four syllables of "Promethean," just as it is necessary to make two of "power." The word "empyrean" quoted above is sometimes accented on the second syllable, and similar uncertainty attends on "empyrean"; but the former, as a noun, is accented by Milton on the third syllable, the latter (adjective) on the second. It will be noted that the words cited above are mostly of foreign derivation.

T. S. O.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### ART

Calvert, A. F.; and Hartley, C. G. *The Prado*. 8x5. Pp. 149. Plates 223. Lane, 3s. 6d.

Van Dyke, John C. *Studies in Pictures*. An Introduction to the Famous Galleries. 7½x5. Pp. 136. Werner Laurie, 6s. net.

### BIOGRAPHY

Millar, D. A. *George Buchanan*. 9x7. Pp. 490. Nutt, 7s. 6d.

Nicoullaud, M. Charles. *Memoirs of the Comtesse De Boigne (1781-1814)*. 9x6. Pp. 391. Heinemann, 10s.

Roberts, W. *Sir William Beechey, R.A.* 8x5½. Pp. 302. Duckworth, 7s. 6d.

### DRAMA

Coutts, Francis. *King Arthur*. 8x5. Pp. 217. Lane, 5s.

### EDUCATIONAL

Lightfoot, J. *An Elementary and Intermediate Algebra*. 7½x4½. Pp. 472. Ralph, Holland, 4s. 6d.

Charles Kingsley. *The Heroes*. Edited by L. H. Pond. 7½x4½. Pp. 148. Bell, 1s.

Symonds, Aubrey V. *The Annals of Tacitus. Books XI.-XVI.* 7x5. Pp. 249. Swan Sonnenschein, n.p.

Marsh, Lewis. *Literary Reading and Composition*. 7½x5. Pp. 256. Blackie, 2s.

Morgan, R. B. *Readings in English History from Original Sources*. 7½x5. Pp. 216. Blackie, 2s. 6d.

Shaxby, J. H. *Elementary Electrical Engineering*. 7½x5. Pp. 192. Blackie, 3s.

Sannois, Clémence. *Vivent les Vacances*. 7½x5. Blackie, 1s.

Heath, Carl. *Selected Fables*. 6½x4½. Pp. 46. Blackie, 6d.

Patterson, R. F. *Gespräche mit Goethe*. 6½x4½. Pp. 40. Blackie, 6d.

Barlet, S. *Huon de Bordeaux*. 6½x4½. Pp. 63. Blackie, 6d.

Major, H. *Moral Instruction, Middle Stage*. 7½x5. Pp. 80. Blackie, 1s.

Orange, B. *Dona Reginae*. 6x4. Pp. 22. Blackie, 4d.

*Epochs of English Literature*. Volume viii. *The Wordsworth Epoch*. By J. C. Stobart, M.A. 7x4½. Pp. 152. Arnold, 1s. 6d.

*Arnold's Lectures Françaises. Book IV*. Compiled and edited by Maurice A. Gerthwohl. 7x4½. Arnold, 1s. 6d.

*Epochs of English Literature*. Volume v. *The Dryden Epoch*. By J. C. Stobart, M.A. 7x4½. Pp. 152. Arnold, 1s. 6d.

### FICTION

Stacpoole, H. de Vere. *The Crimson Azaleas*. 7½x5. Pp. 308. Unwin.

Fletcher, J. S. *Mr. Poskitt*. 7½x5. Pp. 261. Nash, 6s.

Danby, Frank. *A Coquette in Crape*. 6½x3½. Pp. 192. Chatto & Windus, 1s. net.

Jerome, Jerome K. *The Passing of the Third Floor Back and other Stories*. 7½x4½. Pp. 160. Hurst & Blackett, 2s. 6d.

Albanesi, Madame. *The Strongest of all Things*. 8x5. Pp. 368. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.

Woods, Margaret L. *The Invader*. 8x5. Pp. 312. Heinemann, n.p.

Brewer, Daniel Douglas. *A Full-length Portrait of Eve*. 8x4½. Pp. 317. Long, 6s.

Scot, Hew. *The Way of War*. 7½x4½. Pp. 318. Long, 6s.

Smith, Mrs. Isabel. *The Jewel House*. 7½x4½. Pp. 318. Long, 6s.

Crouch, Archer Philip. *A Wife from the Forbidden Land*. 7x5. Pp. 314. Long, 6s.

Williamson, W. H. *A Race for a Crown*. 7½x5. Pp. 320. Ward, Lock, 6s.

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